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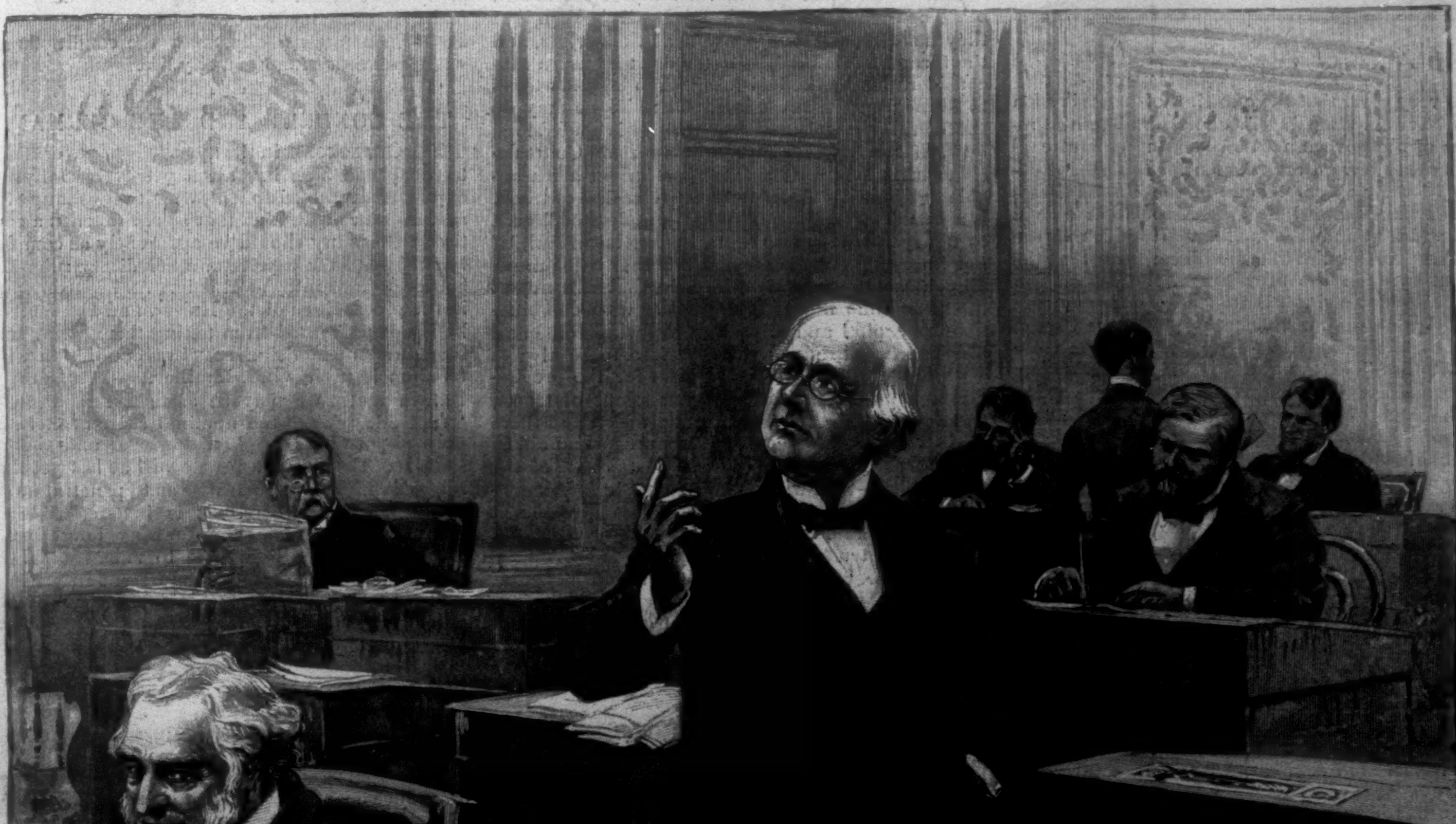

THE SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS INTERRUPTS.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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TRUSTS AND THE LAW.

It is very clear that the question of trusts is soon to have another day in court, and that the relations of the government to combinations of capital ought to have a resettlement. The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association case is most important and far-reaching. It holds that the Anti-Trust Act applies to common carriers; that the contract between the members of the association was in restraint of inter-State trade and commerce within the meaning of the statute; that the United States, through the Attorney-General, may appear in court to enjoin the violation of the provisions of the statute. It is also true, as Mr. Justice White asserts, that while under the common law no reasonable contract will he held to be in illegal restraint of trade, the Supreme Court holds—by the narrow majority of one, it is true—that no question can be raised as to the reasonableness or unreasonableness of such a contract under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Any contract, therefore, that restrains trade, even a reasonable contract, under this decision, becomes illegal, and those who enter into it become liable to criminal prosecution. The operation of the decision cannot be confined to railroad companies, or to capitalists engaged in any business whatever. As the railroad managers and their attorneys have hastened to remark, the various labor unions are quite as much concerned in the decision, and quite as vitally affected by it, as are transportation companies or manufacturers or merchants.

There has been some disposition on the part of that portion of the daily press which is conspicuously dominated by the lay mind to criticise the decision of the majority of the Court. This kind of criticism is always unwise, for the courts of this country are especially entitled to the protection of the respect of good citizens. Moreover, in this particular case, we fancy that there are few professional minds, even when they differ from the majority, that will not admit the existence of a warrant in the statute for the conclusion that has been reached by Mr. Justice Peckham and his associates. The truth is that rational direct legislation against the existence of trusts is wellnigh impossible. It is likely either to be a too thorough and therefore mortal attack on all combinations of capital and labor, or else to amount to nothing but a blot on the page of the statute-book—as is likely to be the case with Senator Lexow's new bills if they become laws. There is no more difficult subject in the wide range of modern politics and economics than that of trusts, and when a judicial decision frankly accepts and expounds the folly of the law-makers, wise men will not assail the judges for such an expression of their opinions, but will confine themselves to making more effective, because more justifiable, war on the legislators whose attempts at reform have thus far resulted in disaster to the commercial and industrial interests of the country.

Combinations of capital ought not to be prevented unless the government is to admit that it cannot control them for the prevention of evil consequences, for much good is accomplished by their means. A uniform freight agreement is doubtless for the best interests of that part of the country which is served by the railroads that are parties to such an agreement. A law that will prevent a reasonable combination of this kind, other things being equal, is distinctly bad, and such laws are made on the bad principle that corporations and trusts must always be in the wrong. On the contrary, they are often most beneficent; and properly managed, with a due regard to the rights not only of the community with which they deal, but of rivals in business, they effect desirable, even laudable, results. The world is richer in material comforts by reason of the modern habit of working through combinations of capital. The poor man as well as his wealthier neighbor is often the more prosperous and happy by reason of the existence of corporations, for they are likely to keep business on a more even keel than private concerns are capable of doing. In the years of business distress through which this country has recently passed, as Mr. Abram S. Hewitt pointed out not long ago, in many large corporations capital has borne all the losses—and they have been heavy—and has kept its factories and stores in operation in order that its labor might not suffer. The sacrifices that have thus been made by large combinations of capital in these times and in every part of the country, if they were fully known, would go far towards making us forget the grievous wrongs that have been done by conscienceless trusts and the political corruption which they have practised.

This is the other side of the story of trusts and other combinations of capital. It will be seen that they have their virtues as well as their vices, and the former as well as the latter must be taken into consideration by the legislator when he undertakes to frame an Anti-Trust law, otherwise he may do the country a grievous wrong. It is understood now, in the light of the recent Supreme Court decision, that a law which makes criminal a reasonable agreement, even if it be no restraint of trade, is a bad law, and it ought to be understood, as a corollary to the proposition, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to frame any law that will punish all contracts in restraint of trade, that will not at the same time unhappily interfere with combinations of capital and labor that are wholesome and beneficent, and that ought, therefore, to be always lawful. There ought to be laws for the prevention and punishment of the oppressions of trusts, and against their undue aggrandizement; and there ought to be no law that will encourage and aid in their formation at the expense of the rest of the community—that will change in their behalf natural conditions which, as the world is governed at present, are sufficiently friendly to them. If the tendency of trusts towards tyranny and corruption cannot be prevented by the law, it might be better, for the sake of the country, to forego the blessings that result from combinations of capital. But we are not yet ready to admit that the democratic form of government is so incompetent as this. When the legislator goes beyond this, however, and undertakes to regulate the details of the business of corporations, he is likely to find himself in such a slough of despond as the framers of the Anti-Trust laws are placed in by the recent decision of the Supreme Court.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

The charter for the Greater New York represents a lost opportunity. The union between the cities of New York and Brooklyn and the adjacent territory furnished an occasion for the establishment of a municipal government which might have been a distinct advance on any form of city administration that we have had in this country. Some radical effort might have been made to correct the evils which we know to exist, but which cannot be cured by the means that are provided in the new charter.

And yet the establishment of the Greater New York is not wholly to be regretted. In the collection of communities that make up the larger city there has been much bad government and corruption, but among all the local governments about to be merged into one, the government of the city of New York has been very much the best. By reason of many conditions, and especially by reason of the important fact that the chief interests of many, if not of most, of the best citizens of Brooklyn and the suburban districts centred in New York, and not in the places of their residence, local government in these other places has been worse than in the metropolis. It is therefore best for the State at large that the whole of this section of it should be included under a single government, provided that government be as capable of affording good administration as the present New York city government.

We believe that not only is this true of the government provided by the charter, but that the new government will be really better than the present one. Some of the existing evils, like the bipartisan police commission, have been continued. The constitution of the Municipal Assembly is also bad, but it has some advantages over the present arrangement, and the greater city is to have a larger measure of home-rule, although not that complete control of its affairs to which it is entitled.

While the larger city is to have a no worse government than that which New York of to-day possesses, and in some respects a better one, the pity of it is that it is not to have one still better, and that a trial should not have been given of some of the theories for which municipal reformers have been struggling. As it is, the work of municipal reform must continue, and we are glad to know that the Reform Club of this city has undertaken the task of educating public opinion on this subject. If its work for municipal reform shall be as intelligent as its work for tariff and currency reform has been, great good may be expected from its efforts. At all events, while we have not lost ground through the new charter, we certainly have not gained much, and there is still before us the task of proving that a democracy is capable of carrying on municipal government. While we have lost an opportunity, we have not lost the battle, which, as has been suggested in the case of the greater city, may be won by transforming the municipality into a new State. Mr. Platt has yet to prove that either he or any other "boss" can maintain an autocracy over 3,000,000 of people who dwell in a modern city, amid the conditions and with the needs of modern city life.

THE CONCERT AND THE GERMANS.

Mr. Gladstone, in the appeal from governments to peoples which has already traversed Europe, expressed an astonishment, which very many of his readers share with him, that so enlightened a country as Germany should be apparently as completely subject to the caprice of a hereditary ruler as so barbarous a country as Russia. As he strongly put it, the proceedings of the Kaiser, and the fact that he is not prevented from taking them, must excite incredulous astonishment "in a country in which freedom is indigenous, familiar, and full grown." But, in truth, we may be assured that whatever "fantastic tricks" the nominal ruler of Germany may be permitted to play, the sense and the conscience of the German people will at last get themselves expressed in such wise as to penetrate to the councils of the rulers. It is inconceivable that Germany or Austria can, for any long time, be ruled as it is still possible to rule Russia. No doubt the dread of war is as present in Germany and Austria as in any other European countries. If it had appeared that the concert of the Powers was a sure guarantee of peace, the Germans and the Austrians might have swallowed their indignation and disgust, and acquiesced in the means their rulers took to secure such an end. But that could only have been if the Cretan insurgents and their Greek champions had yielded to the first threat.

Now that it is seen to be ineffectual, the performance is openly denounced as inexcusable in Germany and in Austria. In the former country the press—and not the press of the opposition alone—denounces as shameful the bombardment of Canea, and expresses the belief that the German navy is better without than with a share in such glory as is to be had in the Levant. The Austrian speech from the throne is evidently that of a government which feels itself to be on its defence, and is devoted quite as much to solemn admonition of the Sultan, who has survived a good deal of solemn admonition, as to reprehension of Greece. As the futility of the concert becomes plain, it becomes more probable to the German-speaking people that their Kaisers have been in this affair the cat's-paws of the Russian schemers, whose primary object is not peace, but Russian aggrandizement. That suspicion may be expected to make its way in time to the Kaisers themselves. When it does so, the concert of Europe will no longer be invoked for such base uses.

THE WORKING-GIRLS' CLUBS.

Miss Grace Dodge defines a working-girls' club as an organization formed among busy women and girls to secure, by co-operation, means of self-improvement, opportunities for social intercourse and the development of higher aims. It is governed by the members, and it strives to be self-supporting. It is not a charitable society, and it is a co-operative rather than a philanthropic organization. If any one knows precisely what a working-girls' club is, and also what it is not, it should be Miss Dodge, for she started the first one in New York, in 1884. The next year there were eleven of them, and they started an organization. Miss Dodge could not tell an inquiring representative of the *Sun* how many there are now. She said she did not concern herself much with the statistics of them, but there are many, and they are very much alive, and are very admirable and harmonious and useful organizations.

These clubs succeed for the same reasons that other successful clubs succeed—because membership in them is found to be remunerative, because their members have gumption enough to manage them, and because they mind their own business and stick to the purposes for which they are organized. Working-girls abound in solidarity. They like to get together and talk, and they do not at all object to having competent women, who know things that are worth hearing, talk with them and steer their discussions into edifying channels. Every working-girl knows something of life, especially of its practical conditions. She has her point of view and the opinions her experience has developed. An educated woman, whose original intelligence has been developed on different lines and under different conditions, knows a whole lot of things as to which the working-girl's notions are very vague. She has, too, a different point of view, and usually different opinions. So when working-girls and educated women from a different sphere of life get together and converse, a great deal of information and many valuable ideas change heads, to the mutual advantage of the parties concerned.

It is a disadvantage to any one to be restricted to one variety of acquaintances or to the society of persons in a single condition of life. People ought to be mixed up far more than they are. If people who are rich associate only with rich people, their affluence—in that result of it—is a great detriment to them, just as the poverty of the poor is a detriment when it restricts them to the society of the very poor. The tendency to classification on a financial basis is very strong, but the tie of human kinship ought to be strong enough to restrain it. These working-girls' clubs bring people together who ought to meet. They help two different lots of women to understand one another and to help one another. They emphasize and develop the kinship of humanity, and they do it wisely, unobtrusively, and successfully. They are first-rate institutions, and there ought to be even more of them than there are. Miss **Dodge** wishes there were more, but they don't spring up spontaneously. They need a little starting, and women who have the capacity, the leisure, and the persistence to start them and keep them going are scarce.

THE LAW AND PRESIDENT KRUGER.

The last few weeks have developed a new trouble in the Transvaal hardly less threatening than the now historical **Jameson** raid. The danger on this occasion, indeed, is less sensational, but it is hardly the less real on that account. President **Kruger** has quarrelled with, and to some extent has succeeded in trampling upon the independence of the Supreme Court of the republic of which he is the constitutional head. The facts of the case are shortly these, it would appear: Any resident of the Transvaal can by law select public lands for mining purposes in accordance with the regulations duly made, and having done so, becomes entitled to a lease of the land selected upon certain conditions. Some months ago a foreign resident selected mining lands and applied for his lease. The land was for some reason regarded as specially valuable, and the President refused to grant the lease to the applicant as required by law. The applicant appealed to the Supreme Court of the republic, which decided that the Executive was bound to carry out the law, and declined to consider the plea that it was on grounds of public policy that the President refused to do so.

President **Kruger's** ideas of the duties and rights of a President were apparently outraged by the decision, and after in vain attempting to bully the judges, he appealed to the Volksraad for support against the court. The Parliament—composed, of course, entirely of Boers, who regard Oom **Paul** as the wisest of men—passed a resolution forbidding the Supreme Court to entertain any suit against the Executive Government. The court replied by stating that the resolution was unconstitutional, and that they could not take notice of it. On this the President laid a bill before the Parliament by which it was provided that it should be competent for the Executive to dismiss from office any judge of the Supreme Court who should decline to comply with the requisition of the President by hearing any case against the government. There can be no doubt of the power of the President to get the proposed law passed, and it now appears that a compromise has been arrived at by which the judges have agreed not to entertain any case against the government until the President shall have had time to take the necessary steps to alter the Constitution in such a way as to define what acts of the Executive are to be regarded as beyond the control of the law. Temporarily, therefore, the President has triumphed over the independence of the court, and no doubt he will proceed to appeal to the twenty thousand Boer voters for such a modification of the Constitution as he requires.

In all this it is evident that the worthy President of the Transvaal is behind the times. His ideas of Presidential duties and privileges have a fine primitive flavor which is out of date at the end of this century. No doubt his attitude appears to President **Kruger** and to his primitive Boer followers an absolutely ideal one for a patriotic President to assume, but in fact it differs nothing in spirit from any other despotism which the world has ever seen. All despots have assumed that they were the best judges of what was good for their people, and probably most of them have believed it. It is quite conceivable that if the Transvaal were inhabited by Boers only it might be allowed to pass, and one more despotism might be added to the many that have been established and have failed in the past. As matters stand, however, the thing is an anachronism, and is a practical impossibility in a country which, like the Transvaal, summons all the adventurous spirits of the civilized world to overrun it in the search for gold. As the representative of law and liberty, President **Kruger** commands the sympathy of civilized public opinion throughout the world; but as a despotic ruler who bends the law to his own will he must lose that sympathy, and when he does so the end will not be very distant.

WANTED—A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

The Constitution of the United States, Article IV., Section 4, provides that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." On this subject the *Federalist*, No. XLIII., says: "In a confederacy founded on republican principles, and composed of republican members, the superintending government ought clearly to possess authority to defend the system against aristocratic or monarchical innovations. The more intimate the nature of such an union may be, the greater interest have the members in the political institutions of each other; and the greater right to insist that the forms of the government under which the compact was entered into should be *substantially* maintained." **George Ticknor Curtis**, the historian of the Constitution, in discussing what the makers of the Constitution may have had in their minds when framing the clause mentioned, observes that "history shows what is meant, in the American sense, by a republican government. History establishes the fact that in the American system of government the people are regarded as the sole original source of authority; that all legitimate government must rest upon their will."

It is a highly interesting question what, from this point of view, the fathers of the Constitution would have thought of the present government of the State of New York, if they could have anticipated the possibility of the growth of anything like it in this country. And as the *Federalist* pertinently remarks, the character of our State government is a matter of serious concern not only to the inhabitants of the State itself, but also to "the other members of the confederacy."

The present government of the State of New York is not easily classified. It has a Governor as the chief executive officer. It has a Legislature supposed to consist of representatives of the people, and to make the laws for the State. But above these there stands a power of which the Constitution and the laws know nothing, but which exercises supreme control. This power is embodied in a person called the "boss." The now reigning boss, Mr. **Thomas C. Platt**, was until recently in so far a mere private individual as he held no official position or title in the accepted sense of the term. A few months ago, however, it pleased him to have himself elected to the Senate of the United States. But that office is merely auxiliary to his State bossship.

He makes no secret of the supreme power he wields in our State affairs. Of late years he has had the leaders of the ruling party in the Legislature regularly appear before him every Sunday, in a hotel parlor in the city of New York, to receive his orders for the coming week as to what bills should or should not pass, what measures should be introduced, or reported, or smothered in committee, and so on. And every Monday morning the legislative programme for the week has been published in the newspapers, very much like an official bulletin. Whatever legislation the boss opposes is defeated, and whatever he approves is sure to be put through, no matter who opposes it. This is so well known and recognized a rule that citizens who have business with the Legislature frequently deem it far less needful to present that business, with proper argument, to the law-makers, than to propitiate the boss in favor of it. That done, the rest will take care of itself. There could hardly be a more striking illustration of the supreme power exercised by the boss than the recent passage through the Legislature of the Greater New York charter—an immense piece of legislation, essentially affecting for good or evil the character and welfare of the greatest commercial city in this country, and one of the greatest in the world, with a population of over 3,000,000 souls, and a probable annual budget of expenditure of over $70,000,000. This charter, hurriedly drafted, and remonstrated against in whole or in part by the most important civic organizations of the city, went through the Legislature with lightning speed, without amendment, virtually without debate, certainly without serious consideration, simply because the boss had so ordered it. The history of constitutional government has no parallel to so high-handed a proceeding. In the matter of appointments to office, too, so far as the power of the party reaches, the dictation of the boss rules. Whenever he interferes, his favorite gets the place, and there is no hope for the man objected to by him.

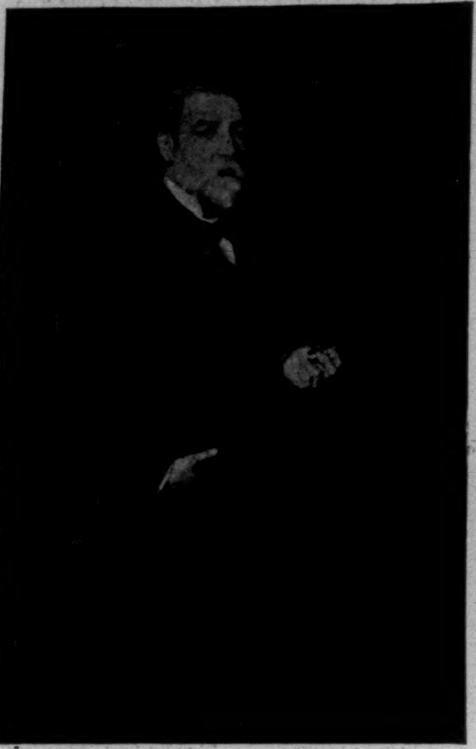
How did the boss obtain this power? The uncontradicted story is that he levies upon the business corporations of New York large sums of money, under the name of campaign contributions, for which he is to protect their interests in the way of legislation; that these sums, of the use of which he renders no account whatever, are in part employed by him in supporting party newspapers, in securing the nomination and election of friendly politicians, and in rendering harmless such as are unfriendly; and that in this way he keeps in subjection to his will a large part of the country press and a host of active political workers throughout the State, some of whom he puts into influential places—all bound to him either by favors received or favors hoped for, and all fearing his disfavor as a sort of political death-warrant. Thus exercising an almost unlimited power in his party to reward or to punish, he has become the autocrat of that party, and through it the autocrat of the Legislature and of the State. The use he makes of his power is characteristic of its origin. Every attempt at reform, every movement to secure good government in State or municipality, finds him as an inveterate, unscrupulous, and potent enemy in its way. His first aim is always to fortify and extend his own power.

By whatever name we may call a government like this, it certainly is not "substantially" republican. On the contrary, it possesses in striking completeness the attributes of monarchical absolutism. There is no monarch in Europe, except the Emperor of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey, who controls the law-making power with so unlimited an authority, who levies and spends his revenues with so little responsibility, and who feels himself so free to defy public opinion, as does the boss of the ruling party in the State of New York. The State still has the outward forms of republican government, but the vital essence of republicanism is gone.

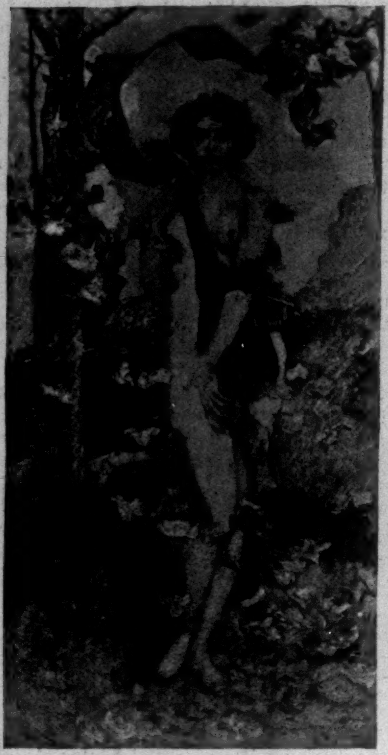
The struggle of the friends of good government against boss rule in New York is beset with extraordinary difficulties. The sums obtained by levying upon the corporations put at the disposal of the boss ample resources of blackmail and bribery. His control of a large part of the country press and of a vast and well-drilled party machine, through which he directs nominating caucuses and conventions, enables him to wield a most effective system of political terrorism. An army of spoils-hunters clings to him as the power that can open to them rich opportunities for preying upon the people. This is a formidable combination of forces. Those who combat it strive not only to protect the State and its municipalities against maladministration, corruption, and robbery, but to restore to the people that republican government which, according to the Federal Constitution, "the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union." They are not foolish enough to expect that the national authority will actively interfere to deliver this State from boss rule. But they have a right to expect that the national authority will at least do nothing to strengthen that boss rule, and thus to render the restoration of true republican government in this State still more difficult.

Boss **Platt**, as a Senator of the United States, is now seeking to secure the Federal offices in New York for men who are his tools. Every office so filled would be a new stronghold of the boss power. President **McKinley** cannot make such an appointment without taking upon himself the responsibility of re-enforcing a usurpation utterly subversive of that republican government which the Constitution binds the United States to guarantee to every State in the Union.

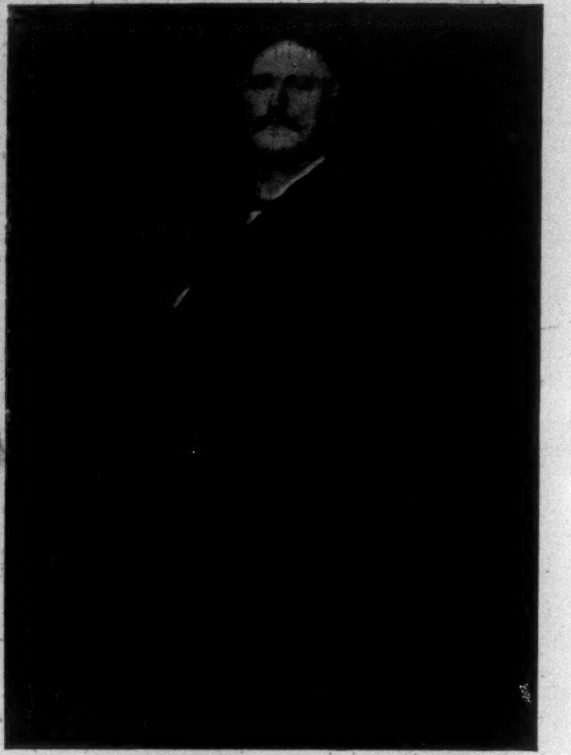
Carl Schurz.



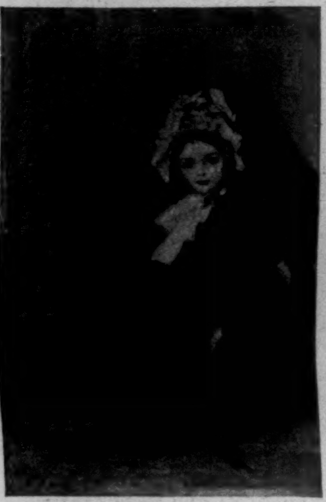
PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER.—By F. Luis Mora.



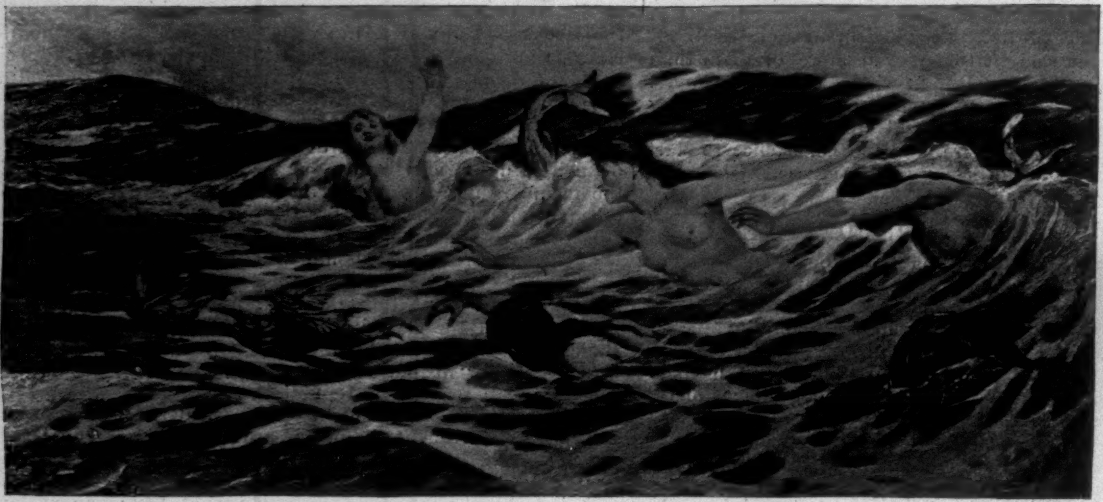
THE FINALE.—By Robert Reid.



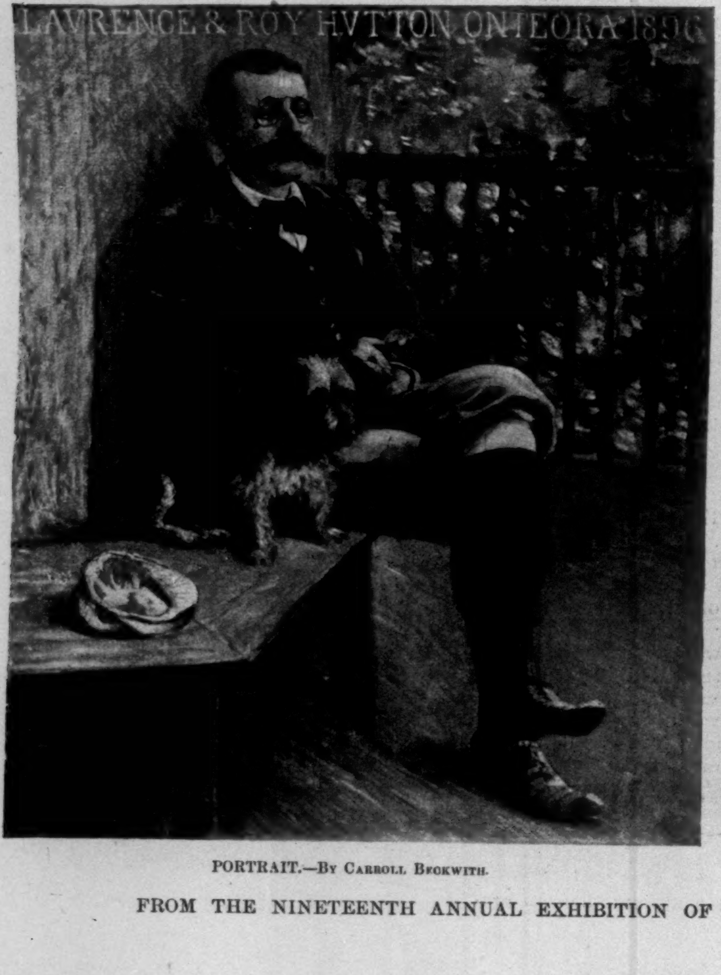
PORTRAIT.—By Alfred I. Collins.



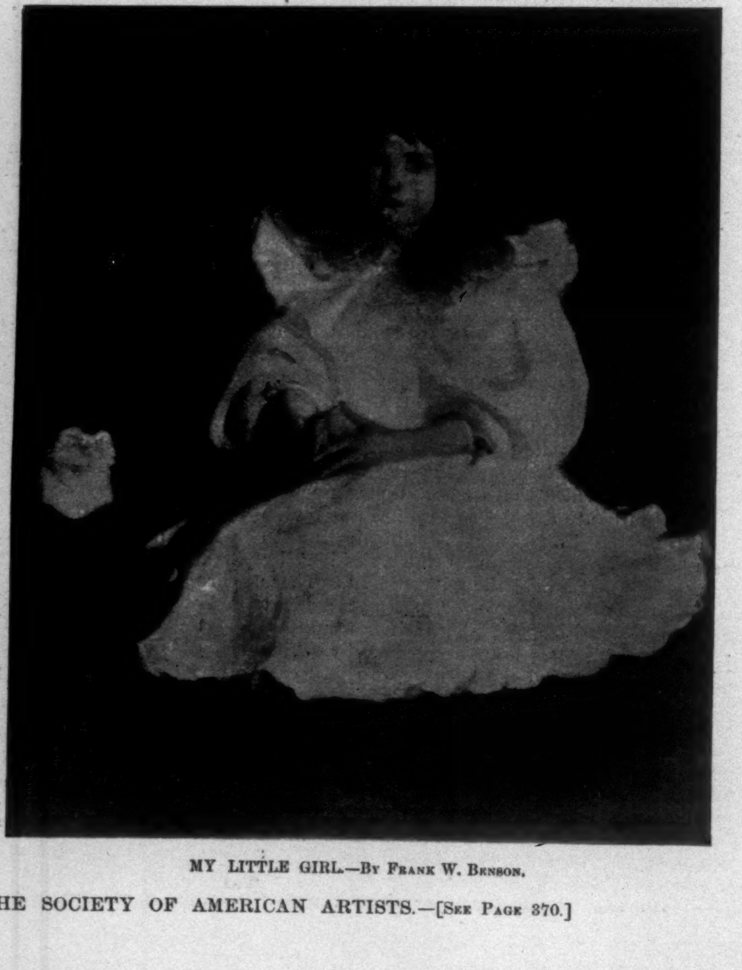
MAID MARION.
By Augustus Vincent Tack.



SPORT.—By George W. Maynard.
Purchased with the Shaw Fund.

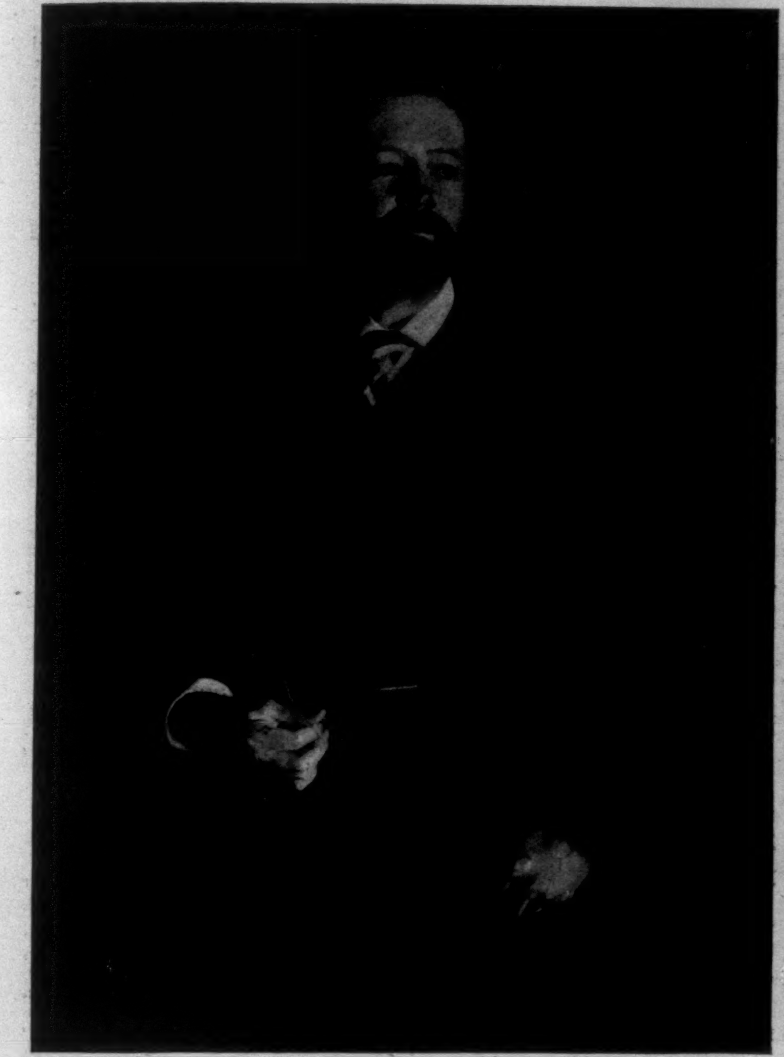


PORTRAIT.—By Carroll Beckwith.



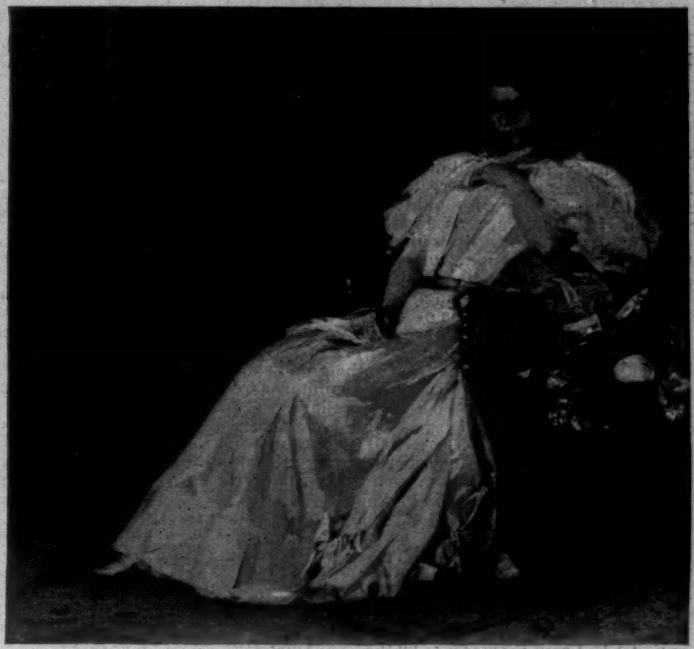
MY LITTLE GIRL.—By Frank W. Benson.

FROM THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—[See Page 370.]



PORTRAIT.—By John Singer Sargent.

SIGNS OF SPRING.—By Bruce Crane.
Awarded the Webb Prize.

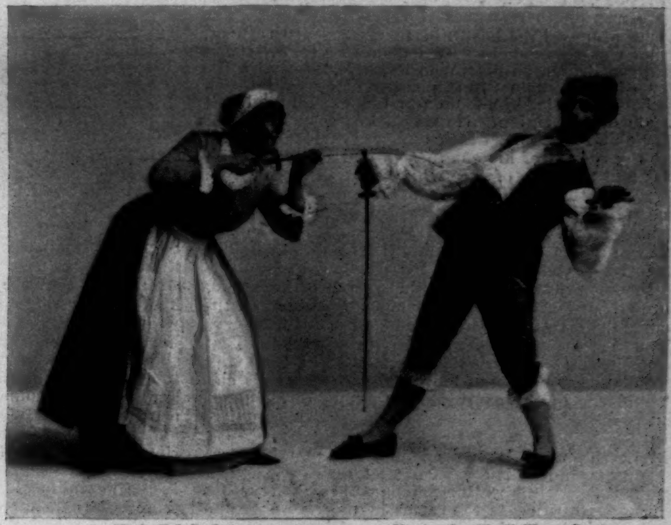


A SOUTHERN GIRL.—By Samuel Isham.

FROM THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—[See Page 370.]

Dorimène (R. Pulitzer). Dorante (H. F. Robinson). Madame Jourdain (H. W. Welch).

ACT III.—UNFORTUNATE MEETING.



Nicole (E. L. Dudley). Monsieur Jourdain (H. Warren Cram).

ACT II.—JOURDAIN SHOWS HIS PROWESS.

R. L. Scaif, Ballet—Act I. G. R. Osborne, Mufti (Turkish Ceremony)—Act IV.

CHARACTERS.

Covielle (R. Logan). Nicole (E. L. Dudley). Lucile (J. W. Frothingham). Cléonte (R. L. Hoguet).

LOVERS' RECONCILIATION.

SCENES FROM MOLIÈRE'S "BOURGEOIS-GENTILHOMME," PRODUCED BY LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.
[See Page 370.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, March 17, 1897.

London is a city of contradictions—in that respect resembling the individual Englishman. It is one of the best governed cities in the world, yet the machinery by which municipal perfection is attained is one that suggests life in the Middle Ages rather than the end of this century. The guilds of London are a species of mysterious corporations handed down from the days when no man could pursue a trade or profession without being initiated into a sort of secret society, like those of the Chinamen in San Francisco. It is all much of a mystery to me; but this at least is clear to the transatlantic visitor, that the London guilds own magnificent society halls, and that they dispense princely hospitality amongst their friends, and distribute charity in equally generous proportions. Last week it was my good fortune to be a guest in the most magnificent of these municipal palaces, the one owned by the Society of Goldsmiths. I had no sooner set my foot in their banqueting-hall than I recalled the language of old Field-Marshal Blücher on the occasion of his visit to England in 1814. "My God!" exclaimed he, "what a chance for plunder!"

The city of London has been the stronghold of English liberty, civil and religious, whenever it has been in danger, notably in the days of the Stuarts. To-day, however, it is the stronghold not of the Liberal but of the Conservative party, and instead of becoming more Liberal, it is becoming more Conservative. This was not, therefore, the place where I should have looked for an appreciation of things American, least of all the work of American artists. My host drew my attention to some notable statuary, first a replica, full-size, of Cleopatra, by Story of Salem, Massachusetts. It is a noble work, the original of which I had often admired, though it would have been hard for me to tell the original from the replica. The splendid proportions of the Goldsmith's Hall make an admirable setting to this great work of art. In a corresponding place on the other side of the grand staircase was another great work by the same sculptor, a reclining classic figure, the Libyan Sibyl, I believe. This Tory British club showed its appreciation of the American artist's work by paying $7500 (£1500) for this bauble. If I remember rightly it was the artist's price. Yet another work by Story graces these apartments—the erect heroic proportions of Medea holding a knife in her hand. This work was originally bought for £1500, but came under the hammer in London, and was knocked down for only £300 to Mr. George Matthey, a member of this guild, who made it a present to his fellow-goldsmiths. This is one of the many painful evidences that the work of a great artist does not necessarily improve in value by reason of his death.

Now that I had seen three works by this one American, I thought that my host would be showing me a few English sculptures. He took me to the fourth and last great work of this kind in the guild's possession, and, behold! it was the Greek Slave, by Powers of Vermont. Of course it is a replica, but an excellent one.

There was another surprise for me that night. The chairman proposed the health of the guests after dinner, and this was responded to by a member of Parliament and a quasi British subject, who spoke English with the fluency of a Chatham Street peddler. His complexion would have excluded him from a first-rate hotel in almost any State of the Union. He was a low-caste native of Bombay or Calcutta, one of a conquered race, who comes here to the capital of his conquerors and speaks for the liberties and the laws of free white men. The situation was so absurd that I could hardly maintain a serious countenance. Imagine a Massachusetts constituency inviting a "greaser" from Mexico or a New Orleans negro to represent them in the seat once occupied by Charles Sumner or Edward Everett! There is a historical analogy to this in the Prussian army of 1813, which marched into Paris, overthrew Napoleon, gave the French a liberal constitution, and then returned home and placed themselves tamely under the yoke of an absolute monarch. That Englishmen can to-day see nothing monstrous in having their constitution expounded by a Hindoo Baboo is eloquent evidence of the contradictory nature of our magnificent race.

Lord Leighton has been dead only two months more than one year, and he is almost forgotten. I was speculating about this while walking amongst his pictures that were brought together in the rooms of the Royal Academy, and which drew a large concourse of interested people. His work has been familiar to us for many years at successive openings of the Academy over which he presided with so much dignity and courtesy up to the day of his death. The great London papers always noticed his paintings before those of any other living artist, and the hanging committee always made the work of his colleagues so hang as to set forth to greater advantage the always creditable work of their master. To one who has followed the work of any artist over a long course of years it is immensely interesting to have a general view of all his paintings brought together under one roof, and in this respect the exhibition just closed was of peculiar interest. There was hardly a picture which one could not praise for the excellence of its drawing, its composition, its coloring, its good taste, its conscientious elaboration of detail. In almost every instance the pictures of Leighton are such as would be eminently fitting to hang in the galleries of an art school, to be copied by aspiring students. So far as he goes he appears to be perfect; but there is a something wanting in even his best works, which the public can feel but few professionals can formulate. Lord Leighton is to art what Lord Tennyson is to English literature. The poet just missed the little something which makes Bobbie Burns the delight of all classes.

A little girl of ten was visiting the gallery with me, not knowing the exact nature of the exhibition. She had been to the National Gallery on a former occasion, and appeared to think that this was something in the same line. She soon became tired of the succession of classic women with different Greek names, and turning to me with an appealing look, said, "Won't you take me to the Landseers?"

That child had not read the laudatory notices in the great London papers, and had not been taught that a president of the Royal Academy is by virtue of his office the greatest of living painters. In her childish ignorance she was drawn to Landseer just as an illiterate mechanic laughs and cries over the quaint philosophy of the Scotch ploughboy.

It was in speaking of things like these that one of my friends, who is one of the great painters of England, but whom I cannot name for obvious reasons, said, "Every great artist, whether in painting, sculpture, architecture, or literature, has drawn his inspiration from national sources."

This he illustrated by Shakespeare, Murillo, and other well-known examples.

"Suppose, now," said he, "that Phidias, the greatest sculptor of any age, should come to life in England to-day. As an artist he would be curious to see the best work done by Englishmen. Do you think he would go to see Leighton's pictures? No, not a bit of it. He would look upon that as rubbish, because it reflects not the life and the times of our day, but the mythology of another civilization. If Phidias came to London, he would at once ask to see the drawing of Charles Keene or John Leech, men whom we Academicians affect to regard as inferiors; but those men will live long after the Royal Academy shall have been forgotten, and they will live for the same reason that Phidias lived—because he was true to himself and to the national sentiment in which he lived."

The works of Leighton that I should be disposed to invest in, were I speculating in art, are the many studies and rough sketches which he made in the course of preparing for a great Academy work. In these scraps we have the artist at his best, working straight from nature, and drawing inspiration directly from the flesh and blood about him. I got very weary of his faultless goddesses, and wished often that he could have done a few English nursery maids or flower-girls for a change. This change one gets only in his rough studies, and it makes one almost regret that Lord Leighton ever acquired the scholarship that drew him away from his native soil. For he was, after all, an Englishman by birth; yet he did not make the acquaintance of his mother-country to any extent until he was thirty years of age. He knew every country and every language of Europe familiarly, and had achieved eminence in his profession before making the acquaintance of his own land. He came to England as much a foreigner as can be imagined—at best one could say of him that he was so cosmopolitan that he could make himself at home everywhere, even in his own country. I have heard him converse in five different modern languages within the same number of minutes; and if a cultivated traveller had met him by accident, without knowing who he was, it is, I think, highly improbable that he could have discovered the true nationality of this many-sided man. What a contrast to Adolf Menzel, now more than eighty years old, who has never been outside of Germany, excepting for a few days at a time, and who knows of Germany nothing that gives him more pleasure than to study a crossing-sweeper or a hod-carrier! Yet I suppose that in any club of professional artists the name of Menzel would precede that of all the rest of the world in a list of those of our day likely to live long in the esteem of posterity.

Poultney Bigelow.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Once more has the complete Nibelungen Tetralogy been sung out, from the anaemic and unhuman mysteries of *The Rhine-Gold* to the gloomy transactions and psychologic utterances of *The Dusk of the Gods*. So came last week the end of our nearest approach to an "official" German opera-season at present, due to Mr. Damrosch and the Wagner Society. It appears to be viewed with complacency by those most laboriously busy in it; and it will be only the straitest sect of the Wagnerian zealots, or, on the other hand, the most hopeless of the unconverted to Wagner, who will feel that it has not deserved its existence. There have been good things and bad things; there have been good singing and bad singing; it has brought performances in touch with standards of superior Wagnerian performances anywhere, and some that fell disastrously short of such an accord. On the whole, our good old friends *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* have come in for the strongest representations throughout. The four members of the great Tetralogy have been served well in episodes; and it is not merely because in the old Wagnerian days here the Ring dramas were new, and impressed themselves more vigorously on us, that we feel that Mr. Damrosch's present performances have not set them aside in our memories and judgments. It may be noted that the complete Nibelungen Cycle, until this latest occasion of its revival, had not been undertaken since 1890. *The Rhine-Gold* was sung first in 1889. The first of the Ring to be produced here was its second member, *The Valkyr*, sung in 1884–85. It was the sensation of the season, a revelation to thousands of New-Yorkers sufficiently well acquainted indeed with Wagner in his operas, but knowing the music-dramas only through the cloudy medium of concert selections. Indeed, from that *Valkyr* venture began the real Wagnerian "movement" in opera here, the formation of a distinctive Wagnerian public, and seasons that are truly sacred in the recollections of all the faithful. Mr. Damrosch's father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in a sense sacrificed his life to his zeal for the composer and cause for which his son has succeeded in making such active propaganda in these days, even with a decided change in our Opera-House's policy and inevitable cross-currents of public taste and enthusiasms.

Among the younger singers, certainly of the first class, on the Wagnerian stage, is an artist to whom Mr. Damrosch's seasons have introduced us, Madame Johanna Gadski. Her voice, her art, and her musical and dramatic feeling are far from the ordinary types. One is not surprised to be told that Madame Gadski has earlier achieved a special favor as a German singer of Mozart, and that she has sung with success practically the whole Mozart repertory, and holds firmly to Mozart withal; though her Wagnerian successes have measurably turned her steps into that path toward a brilliant and wider artistic acceptance. She began her career at Stettin when twelve years old. The teacher to whom she owes most is not a noted one, as noted teachers go with us—Madame Schroeder-Schaloupka, of Stettin. Madame Gadski's operatic début came in 1895 as Agathe, in *Der Freischütz*, at Berlin. Successes in Mainz and Bremen succeeded, and her reputation spread. She was to have sung Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser* at Baireuth in 1895. Some disagreements cancelled the engagement with Madame Wagner. She will be heard there very soon, however. As Madame Gadski is still in the earlier twenties, she has time for notable work, and, better than that, she has full capital therefor. She is the most poetic and generally admirable realization of Elizabeth that our Wagnerian stage has known, offering an exceptional conception and interpretation of one of Wagner's loftiest and loveliest ideals.

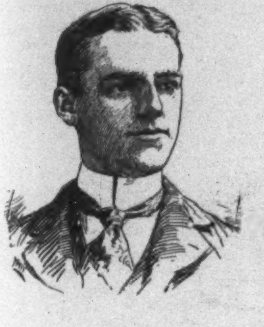
MADAME JOHANNA GADSKI.

It seems that Mr. Grau's "supplementary" season at the Metropolitan will be short and sweet with a vengeance. Only three or four routine performances, comprised within a week's days, are to be undertaken. Mr. Grau has fared through his company's ambulatory Western engagements by a rather heroic system of campaigning and compromises, and with a new black-list of cities to be avoided in future. Surely he has New York's friendly wishes for no further vexations and losses. "Last night," used to lament the lady in the old Scotch ballad—"last night the Queen had four Marys; to-night she'll hae but three." Mr. Grau's stock of four prime donne is alarmingly low, being practically reduced to one. Madame Melba is thousands of miles away—still a declared invalid; Madame Eames sailed for Paris last Wednesday; Madame Nordica is yet the great Unreconciled, and is likewise about to take shipping and to snap her ten fair fingers at—Mr. Jean De Reszke. Really Madame Calvé has her week's work cut out for her. The operas sung will likely be limited to *Faust*, *Carmen*, and any good third and fourth choices.

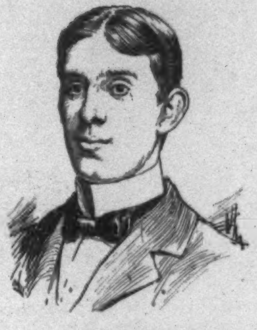
The recent production in this city of Daudet's melodrama (in the strict usage of that rather declassed term) *L'Arlésienne* has already been a topic of discussion in this department. To last week's excellent reference to its dramatic aspects a paragraph of musical record need scarcely be added. The orchestra, under respectively Mr. Seidl and Mr. Neyer, certainly did full justice to a score as beautiful and characteristic, though comparatively simple, as ever Bizet completed. The longer and more detachable episodes, such as the Prelude, the Carillon, the exquisite Minuet, the Farandole, and the pathetic Adagio—all carefully played—are well known. Those vaguer and really "melodramatic" incidents that accompany the dialogue of the piece, including the leading motives referring to characters and situations, have, naturally, their poetic and pathetic value only when given as part of the drama's morbid and tenebrous course. It is of interest to notice how Bizet indicated in music two heroines that impressed themselves very clearly on his imagination. One of the two can be altogether a creature of it, and of any auditor's fancy, for she never appears. In *Carmen*, Bizet characterizes the influence and destiny of the vicious and ruin-working gypsy by a theme which, according to its rhythmic treatment, varies in effect from a flippant polka to a declamatory phrase of most savage insistence. In the *Arlésienne* the ruling influence is, just like Carmen, a depraved and remorseless woman, destroying whatever she touches, whomsoever she bewitches. But Bizet has affixed to this vaguer ideal, and to her cruel spell over a weak nature, a theme of quite opposite character. We meet with a melody never declamatory—one half voluptuous, half mysterious, full of a grace and sweetness, that suggests what may seem in wretched Frederi's vision and memory the unworthy creature who is his ruin; a notion in the boy's disordered heart far from the truth. There is something of a coincidence in the thematic references to Micaela in *Carmen*, and to Vivette in the *Arlésienne*—two humble but lovely types of simplicity, of virtue, and of a wasted love that is powerless to rescue a man from destruction, and that must be its own reward.

The sincerity and strength in tribute to the memory of the late conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, which has taken the judicious form of a musical scholarship in Columbia University, was pleasantly shown in the success of the concert given by the Club in Carnegie Hall last Tuesday evening. The patronage was by no means limited to even the large proportion of the city's musical people who, as subscribers and members, know by long years of attendance of the Club's concerts their charm. The help from two soloists, Miss Alice Verlet and Mr. Albert Lockwood, was an element of extra enjoyment. The concert was organized with the appropriate aid of Professor MacDowell, of the University. A substantial sum for the Mosenthal Fund must have resulted.

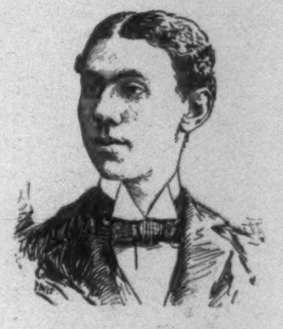
E. Irenaeus Stevenson.



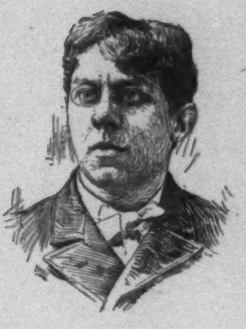
WILLIAM B. GUNTON,
Columbia.



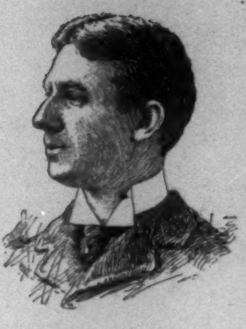
CHARLES F. WHEATON,
Columbia.



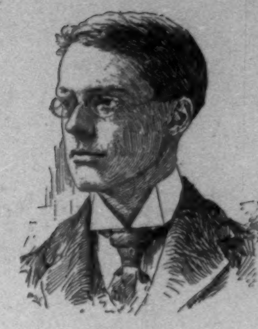
JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER,
Columbia.



CHARLES S. MACFARLAND,
Yale.



CHARLES H. STUDINSKI,
Yale.



C. U. CLARK,
Yale.

THE VICTORS IN THE RECENT COLUMBIA-HARVARD AND YALE-HARVARD DEBATES.

THIS BUSY WORLD

There is really getting to be a new kind of collegiate distinction. The college athlete has by no means been shorn of his glory, but the undergraduate who is handy with his head is not so insignificant as he was. Two or three years ago, whatever an undergraduate's intellectual achievements might be, one seldom heard of them except in talk between professors, but now they sometimes avail to get his name into the newspapers, and the public learns what he has done and who he is.

The six gentlemen whose likenesses are given distinguished places next to reading matter in this department of the Weekly all belong to this new order of college victors, who are thought to be worth talking about because they have demonstrated their superior proficiency in intellectual sports. They are the victors in two recent intercollegiate debates—that between the representatives of Columbia and Harvard on March 19, in New York, and that between Yale and Harvard on March 26, at Cambridge. The earlier of these meetings, held at the Carnegie Lyceum, was between picked men of the Harvard Forum (the chief debating society at Cambridge) and of the Columbia University Debating Union, on the question whether the present way of electing United States Senators is preferable to choosing them by popular vote. The three Harvard debaters had the affirmative, and the Columbia men the negative. President Low presided; Lawyer Wheeler H. Peckham, Editor Godkin, and Parson Rainsford were the judges. Opposing speakers alternated, each debater having two chances, the first twelve minutes long, the second, five. The qualifications of present Senators were very freely discussed, Harvard maintaining that a popular vote might result in Senators who were more unfit than those we have, and Columbia insisting that it couldn't. The judges found the arguments of Columbia the more forcible, and decided that her men had won, and then debaters, judges, and about forty of their friends had supper together at a neighboring hotel.

The Yale-Harvard debate at Cambridge was held in the Sanders Theatre before a large and demonstrative audience. The arrangement as to alternations and time allowances was the same as above described. Harvard selected the subject, and Yale had choice of sides. The three Harvard men maintained that the United States should adopt definitely the single gold standard even if Great Britain, France, and Germany should be willing to enter a bimetallic league. Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts presided, and the judges were Judge Aldrich of the United States Circuit Court, Professor Dewey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Professor Giddings of Columbia. The discussion was fluent and spirited, being characterized in some instances by almost too realistic an approximation to the impassioned ardor of parliamentary dispute, as when one Harvard speaker, as reported in the New York *Evening Post*, declared the debate "the most uninteresting he had ever heard," and imputed "tricks" and "quibbles" to his opponents. It took the judges half an hour to make up their joint and several minds that Yale had the better of the argument. That settled, the Harvard men entertained the victorious visitors at the Colonial Club, while a bonfire was blazing on the Yale campus, red lights were burning around the Woolsey statue, and hundreds of Yale undergraduates celebrated at New Haven another Yale victory.

Interest in these debates seems to be increasing. It is in their favor that they come at a time of year when there are no out-of-door athletic contests to compete for the attention of the undergraduates. Persons who may fear they are a fad, which will presently cease to engage attention, are invited to remember that at each of the great universities there are now very many men of many minds, and that it takes a great variety of interests to occupy and to entertain them.

The recent outbreak of hostilities between the newspapers of New York has been almost unprecedented in its ardor and duration. It is perhaps liveliest between the *Sun* and the *World*, but as between the *World* and the *Journal* it is also fervent and continuous. The concerted movement to turn the *Journal* and the *World* out of polite society is evidently distasteful to both, but especially to the *World*, which protests, first, that it doesn't care; and second, that nearly all the other newspapers in New York are either bankrupt or about to be so, and that it is natural that its success should stir them up to jealous animosity. Furthermore, the *World* admits that the *Journal* is a filthy sheet, but claims for itself high moral purposes and behavior, and is indignant that any one should presume to class it with its outrageous neighbor. When the *Sun* proclaims that the *World* is the responsible parent of the *Journal*, it makes both of them very mad. The *World* denies the charge with execrations, and the *Journal* with grimaces and holdings of the nose; but it is a just assertion, and true. When the *Journal* started to beat the *World* by its own methods, it strengthened its staff by hiring away from the *World* as many as possible of its trained men who had distinguished themselves by efficiency in its news department. These veterans speedily gave evidence of the thoroughness of their training. That the *World* recognized that it had an imitator is illustrated by the remark made a year ago by one of its editorial employés that the *Journal* had invented nothing new, but was merely copying, and that the *World* did not fear it.

The din of the combat is rather terrific, but, on the whole, the fight is a wholesome thing, and shows some excellent results. All the papers most intimately concerned have shown appreciation of the state of public sentiment relative to their manners and defects. The most outrageous of them are decidedly less outrageous than they were, and show aspirations after decency, and even rectitude. The *Journal*, even, lately resented a suggestion dropped in this department of the Weekly that it was too much to expect of a one-cent paper that it should be accurate. It averred that the obligation of accuracy was on every newspaper, whatever its price, and that it itself aspired to it, though it is a one-cent paper—which only shows how mistaken a paragrapher may be who forms his impression from the mere reading of a newspaper, instead of peering into the editor's mind with Roentgen rays.

Let the conflict proceed! As Captain Mahan says, there are worse things than war, and unquestionably there were some distressing manifestations of journalism in New York before this war broke out. If the combatants could introduce an increased measure of suavity into their dissensions it might make somewhat better sport; but that is not of vital importance. In the end, it would seem, the price of the *World* and *Journal*, or of the survivor of them, must be raised, or their form altered, since all the experts seem to be of the opinion that it is impossible to find a profit in the sale of such goods as they vend at the price they receive.

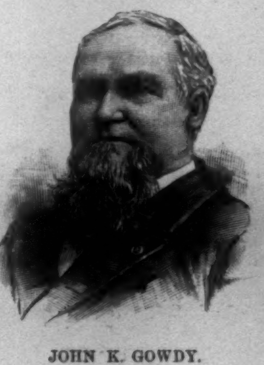
The American newspaper reader just now, both in New York and elsewhere, seems to be getting a great deal too much for his money. His newspapers are too cheap and too voluminous, but they are such bargains in quantity that, instead of rejecting them, he buys two or three where he used to buy one. Sometime it may occur to him that they waste his time.

Much stress, by-the-way, is laid upon the importance of such discrimination as to what shall go into a newspaper that it may always be fit to enter the family circle. A nice clean paper is a good thing, and every paper ought to aspire and endeavor to merit that description. All the same, things happen from time to time which are neither nice nor clean, and yet for one reason or another are matters of such lively public interest that a thoroughly live newspaper cannot ignore them. It is not quite certain that a newspaper can be a real newspaper and yet always be fit to come into the house. To have to read one's paper in the cellar or in the back yard now and then is inconvenient (especially if one lives in a flat), but is it honestly more inconvenient than finding one's paper has left out the news?

There seems to be a pretty strong disposition in the State Legislature to pass the Ellsworth anti-picture bill in a form that will prohibit political caricatures of New York statesmen. A motion in the State Senate, on April 1, to amend it so as to permit political caricature, got only one vote. If the bill should become a law in this form, it may be expected to give the ingenuity of the cartoonists much exercise, and to afford the public much coincident amusement. The political-cartoon industry, as a whole, will hardly suffer, even if the New York men have to be indicated in other ways than by their likenesses. What seems probable is that most public men in this State will take an early opportunity of making it known that they don't mind being caricatured, and have no objection to seeing their phizzes in the papers.

The address at the quarterly convocation of the University of Chicago, on April 1, was duly made, as intended, by the Countess of Aberdeen. It was delivered at the Auditorium before an audience of about 5000. The telegraphic reports in the New York papers do not give a very clear idea of what the Countess said. Her subject was, "The University and its effect on the Home," and the drift of her discourse was that the university had not as yet done the home very much good, but that it ought to benefit it greatly, and would in the end, especially by fitting men and women to be better companions to one another. The fact in the reports of the proceedings which looms up next largest to the incident of Lady Aberdeen's composure and entire success is that she wore a "gown of old-rose silk trimmed with black lace." The privilege of personal adornment is never more useful to a woman than when she appears as an orator.

Miss Grace Dodge, who has done so much good work in inventing and promoting the working-girls' clubs, in speaking of them the other day lamented that there seemed a dearth of women of comparative leisure in the rising generation who would take hold of such work and keep at it. To start such an organization as a club of that sort calls for a little money sometimes to begin with, but chiefly for one or two good and intelligent women who can spare a little time every week for a good part of every year, and are willing to take trouble to do a thing that is worth doing, and then to keep on taking trouble until it becomes a permanent condition of their existence. Miss Dodge intimates that in the rising generation women who will stick to anything seem to be scarce. No doubt that is so. We seem to want to do everything in a minute nowadays, and then hurry on to something else. If salvation and sustained effort and good government and other abstract benefits could be put up in tablets, so that we could bolt one or two every morning while we read the newspaper, we would buy those tablets freely and pay well for them. But that has not been done yet. There is no way of doing anything worth while that is not troublesome. It is fortunate for us that we have such evidence as the working-girls' clubs already in operation that there are still women in our world who are willing to take trouble and to keep at it if only they can get results.

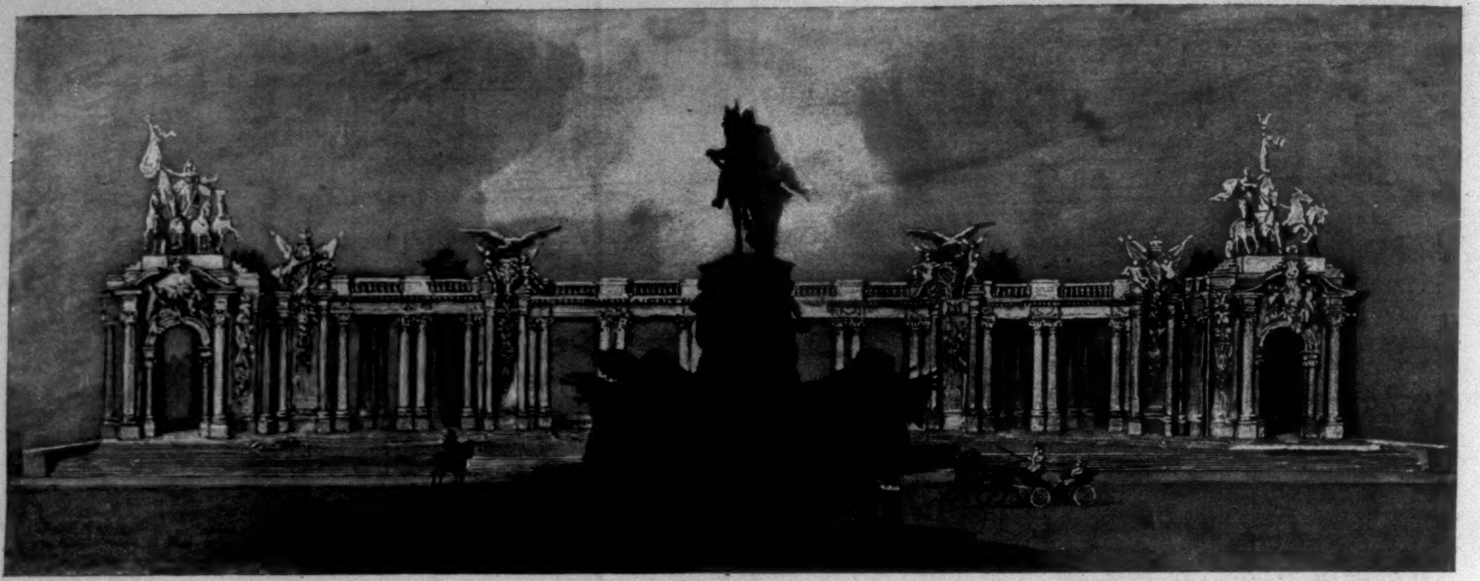


JOHN K. GOWDY.

A good deal of rather miscellaneous sort of comment has been inspired by the appointment of Mr. John K. Gowdy, of Rushville, Rush County, Indiana, to be consul-general at Paris. Mr. Gowdy was born in Indiana and has lived there all his life. From there he went to the war, and when he came back he worked successfully at farming, and in the interstices of that occupation edited a country newspaper. He has been sheriff and auditor of his county, has been chairman of the Indiana Republican State Committee for six years, and was very efficient indeed in corralling delegates for McKinley at St. Louis. Evidently Mr. Gowdy is a true and able American, yet objections are made to his appointment to the particular place which he has received. Even his home papers demur. The Indianapolis *Journal* (Republican) objects that he knows no French, has no commercial experience, and no knowledge of the duties of the office; while the Indianapolis *News* (independent) says, "the appointment is so delightfully unfit that it seems a joke." The New York *Evening Post* says that Mr. Gowdy cannot even speak his own language grammatically, but of course that will be no great matter in France.

Arguing on the supposition that Mr. Gowdy is being sent to Paris in the interest of commerce and to work, all these objections doubtless have reason, but the obvious truth is that he is going to Paris on the same basis on which many good people hope to go to Heaven--not so much to work as on account of labors previously performed. No one can regard Mr. Gowdy's picture, herewith submitted, and not believe that he will be an object of great interest to the French. No doubt he will enjoy himself very much and endear himself to many Gallic acquaintances. Not knowing French at all, and little of business, he will be less exposed to the temptation to meddle with the business of the consulate. It is, of course, important that he should employ a thoroughly competent deputy, for the office is a highly important one. Mr. McKinley should see to that.

A little boy who lives in New York and finds sport somewhat scarce in this big city, is often driven by the dearth of other excitements to take walks abroad in the streets. The other day he took his father with him. They walked eastward on Fifty-ninth Street toward the quarter most affected by the well-to-do, and reaching Fifth Avenue, turned the corner and drifted down that thoroughfare, gazing in the simplicity of country breeding at everything that seemed worthy of notice. As they reached the second corner the father stopped and looked back long and inquisitively at the great house with which the late Mr. Hunt adorned that block. Presently, desiring to apprise his son that they were considering one of the more notable spectacles of the town, he said, "Nicodemus, that is where Mr. Vanderbilt lives." Not wishing to disturb Mr. Vanderbilt or make him suppose some one was hailing him from the street, he spoke in a tone somewhat subdued. Nicodemus took notice, but said nothing. A week later he walked abroad again, this time taking both his parents, and followed the same route. His mother, having had the advantage of careful training in early life, does not think it seemly to observe too much—to "gawk," as she would say—on the street, but still she takes notice with a certain demure accuracy as she goes along, and as they passed the corner of Fifty-eighth Street she also thought proper to observe to her son, in a modulated tone, "Nicodemus, this is where Mr. Vanderbilt lives." Nicodemus is of a meditative turn



MONUMENT TO EMPEROR WILLIAM I., UNVEILED IN BERLIN MARCH 22, THE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

of mind, and not only takes notice, but reflects. For a moment he said nothing, but presently, as they went on, he exclaimed: "Mother, why is it that when you pass Mr. Vanderbilt's house you speak of it with such—with such a sort of sacredness? Father spoke in just the same way last Sunday when we came here. Who is Mr. Vanderbilt, mother, and what is there about him?"

Of course it is not dutiful for a little boy to suggest openly that his parents are snobs, but neither Nicodemus's mother nor his father ventured to reprove their son. They merely smiled a somewhat continuous smile, and explained as they walked along.

A very interesting bit of reading appeared the other day in the *Herald*. It was, or purported to be, a report of a little address made on a Saturday evening by Mr. John D. Rockefeller to the young men's Bible class in the parlors of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. He showed the young men a little old account-book, in which he had recorded his receipts and disbursements forty odd years ago. He said (as the *Herald* quotes him):

> "It was important to me to be particular at that time about items of receipts and disbursements. I hope you young men are all careful. I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can; get it fairly, religiously, and honestly—and give away all you can. I haven't seen this book for twenty-five years. You couldn't get it from me for all the modern ledgers in New York and what they all would bring in."

He told them many of the items that the little book contained, calling attention to the meagreness of his early income, and the still greater tenuity of his expenditures, and dwelling especially on the continuous record of small but regular and increasing disbursements for the missionary cause, the Sabbath-school, and other pious uses. He asked how many of his hearers were country-bred. Nine-tenths of them were. He told them they would take the places of city lads who were less durable than they. Then he added:

> "What is success? Is it to get money? Well, is that success? The poorest man I know is the man who has nothing but money. If I had my choice to-day, I'd be a man with little or nothing but a purpose in life.
>
> "It's not the money itself that is so miserable. Money is good if you know how to use it. Let me give you a little word of counsel. Know just what you receive and how you spend it. Write down just what you do with it, and don't be ashamed to let your fathers and mothers see what you have written down."

Make it your religious duty to get all the money you can. Money is not everything, my boys, but this and this and this is how to get it! What a remarkable address, and in what astonishing relief the speaker stands out in it! A single note runs through it all—the note that the little boy detected in his parents' voices, the "kind of sacredness" that comes in the American citizen's aspect when he regards the career of a great accumulator of money. "I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can!" What a strange man, and what an ominous article of faith! For a wayfarer to look with sacredness upon the extremely rich is a performance that may appeal to his own sense of humor; but, oh, how serious it must be to have become extremely rich and to have to look with perpetual sacredness on one's own vocation and one's own career! Some interesting early letters of Jay Gould were read in court last week. They were lively, imaginative, and edifying, but had very different tracks over them from those that adorn Mr. Rockefeller's manuscript. It is probable that Mr. Gould, though urgent and relentless in money-getting, lacked the religious purpose which imparts the sacredness to Mr. Rockefeller's point of view.

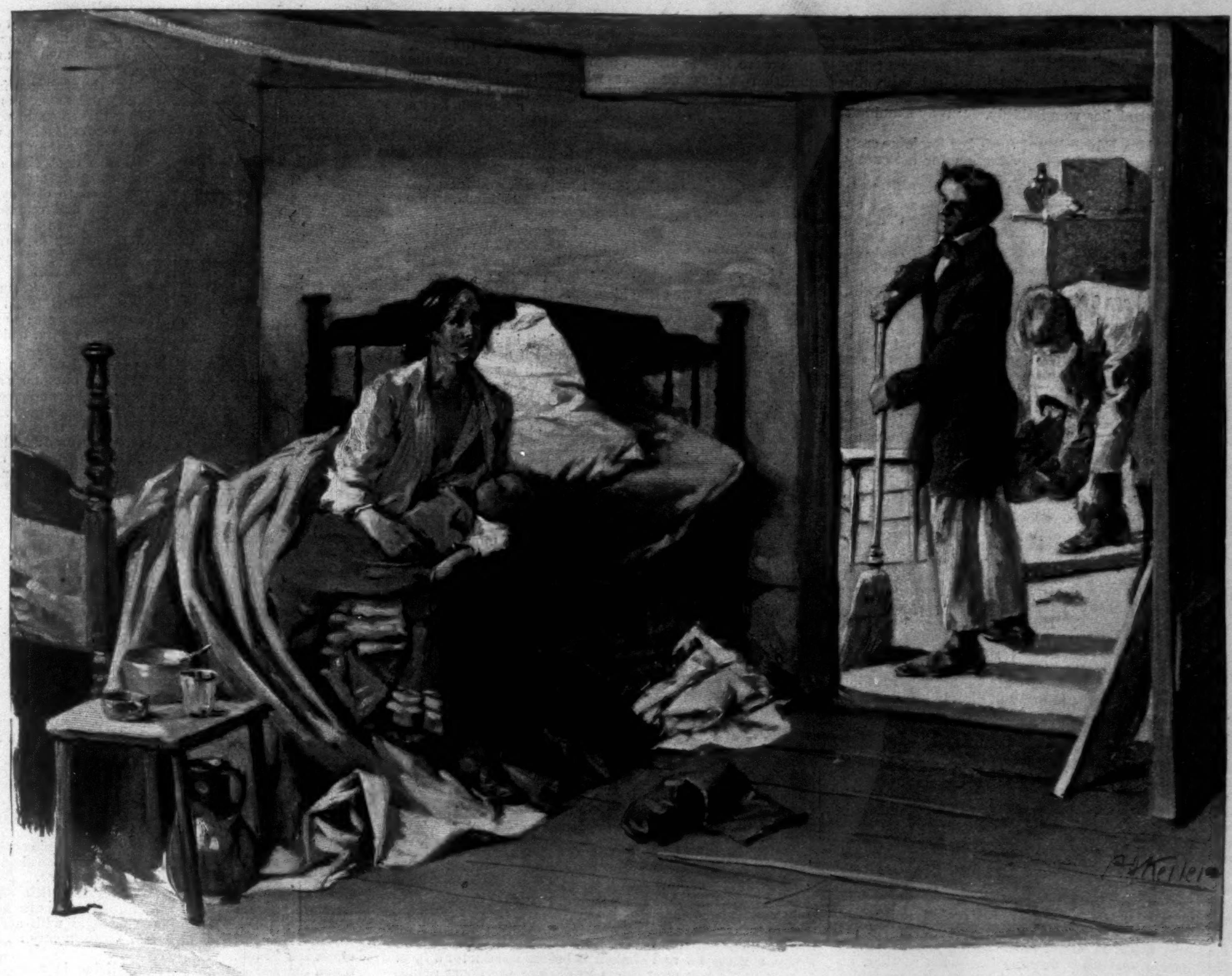
E. S. MARTIN.

UNVEILING THE MONUMENT AT BERLIN.

ON this page is given a picture of the German National Monument unveiled in Berlin in honor of the first Emperor William on March 22, the hundredth anniversary of his birth. The monument is the work of Reinhold Begas. The pedestal and colonnade are of polished granite; the statues of bronze. On the front of the pedestal is the inscription: "William the Great [illegible] German Emperor: King of Prussia." On the rear: "With Gratitude and Faithful Love—the German People."

The ceremonies attending the unveiling comprised a great military show, of which, of course, the most conspicuous figure was the young Emperor. The day was a holiday throughout Germany. In Berlin, at half past ten, the Emperor rode from the Palace to the Brandenburg Gate, where eighteen regiments of the Berlin garrison awaited him. From there the troops marched to the monument. Arriving there, the Emperor saluted the Empress, the Empress Frederick, and the other German royalists who awaited him; prayer was said at a signal from a bugle; then the troops presented arms. At a signal from the Emperor the draperies came down from the monument, a salute was fired, the bands played, and vast crowds cheered. That over, the Emperor and all the attendant Empresses, Kings, Regents, and Grand-Dukes advanced successively, and placed wreaths at the foot of the pedestal, after which the same was done by deputations of Austrian huzzars and Russian infantry. Decorations were then conferred. Civic and military parades continued all day, and the city was magnificently illuminated in the evening. One great German alone was missed. Bismarck was not there, and his absence was almost as conspicuous as the presence of the Emperor.

THE DINNER GIVEN TO RICHARD HENRY STODDARD BY THE AUTHORS' CLUB, MARCH 25.—[SEE PAGE 371.]



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER XX.

THEY who have sensitive palates for all small, sweet, but secondary savors of life that come in their way, and no imaginative desires for others, are contented in spirit. When also small worries and affairs, even those of their neighbors in lieu of their own, serve them as well as large ones to keep their minds to a healthy temper of excitement and zest of life, there is no need to pity them for any lack of full experience.

Imogen and Sarah Lawson, the two elderly single sisters whom Elmira Edwards sought in Granby that day, were in a way happier than she, all flushed with her hope of young love, for they held in certain tenure that which they had. They were sitting stitching on fine linen shirts in the little kitchen of the cottage house in which they had been born. There was a broad slant of sunlight athwart the floor, a great cat purred in a rocking-chair, the clock ticked, a pot of greens boiled over the fire. They seemed to look out of a little secure home radiance of peace at Elmira when she entered, all glowing and tremulous with sweet excitement, which she strove hard to conceal.

No romances had there been in the lives of the Lawson sisters, and no repining over the lack of them. They had, in their youth, speculated as to what husbands the Lord might provide for them, and looked about for them with furtive alertness. When He provided none they stopped speculating, and went on looking as sharply askant as hens at any smaller good pecks life might have for them.

The Lawson sisters had always been considered dressy. They owned their house and garden, also several acres which yielded fair crops of hay, and some good woodland. They earned considerable money making fine shirts for a little Jew peddler who let out work in several neighboring villages, and were enabled to devote the greater part of that to their wardrobes. They were said to always buy everything of the best—the finest muslins, the stiffest silks, the richest ribbons. Each of the sisters possessed several silk gowns, a fine cashmere shawl, and a satin pelisse; each had two beautiful bonnets, one for winter and one for summer; and each possessed the value of her fine apparel to the uttermost, and realized from it a petty, perhaps, but no less comforting, illumination of spirit. Many of the lights of happiness of this world are feeble and even ignoble, but one must see to live, and even a penny dip is exalted if it saves one from the darkness of despair. It is not given to every one to light his way with a sun, or a full moon, or even a star.

The two Lawson sisters, Imogen and Sarah, greeted Elmira with a shrill feminine clamor of hospitality, as was their wont, examined her mother's wedding silk with critical eyes and fingers, and pronounced it well worth making over. "It's best to buy a good thing while you're about it, if it does cost a little more," said Imogen.

"Yes, that's true," assented her sister. "Now I shouldn't be a mite surprised if Ann paid as much as one an' sixpence for this silk when 'twas new; but look at it now—there ain't a break in it. It's as good as your blue and yellow changeable silk, Imogen."

"Dun'no' but 'tis," said Imogen, reflectively.

Sarah went with Elmira to the mantua-maker's, who lived in the next house, to get the dress cut, while Imogen prepared the dinner. In the afternoon the two sisters gave Elmira an hour's work on her new gown, one stitching up the body, the other sewing breadths; then they borrowed the neighbor's horse and wagon and drove her home to Upham.

Elmira was glad to ride; she thought that she should die of shame should she walk home and meet Lawrence Prescott again.

Imogen drove. She was the older, but the larger and stronger of the two. Elmira sat in the rear gloom of the covered wagon with Sarah, holding her silk gown spread carefully over her knees. She thought of nothing all the way but the possibility of meeting Lawrence. She made up her mind that if she did she would sit far back in the wagon and not thrust her head forward at all. "If he acts as if he thought I might be in here, and looks real hard, then it will be time for me to do my part," she thought.

Whenever she saw a man or a team in the distance, her heart beat violently, but it was never Lawrence. All her sweet panic of expectation would have been quieted had she known that he was at that very time seated in Miss Camilla Merritt's arbor, drinking tea and eating fruit cake with her and pretty Lucina.

"Didn't you think Elmira seemed dreadful kind of flighty to-day—still as a mouse one minute and carryin' on the next?" Sarah asked Imogen, as they were driving home in the evening. They had waited, staying to tea and letting the horse rest, until the full moon arose and gave them light for driving.

"Yes, I did," said Imogen; "but Ann was just like her at her age. That silk is well enough, but it ain't no such quality as my blue an' yellow changeable one."

"Well, I dun'no' as it is. I dun'no' as it's as good as my figured brown one."

It was a beautiful spring night; the moon was one for lovers, to light their fondest thoughts and fancies into reality. The two old sisters driving home met and passed many young couples on the country road. "If they don't look out I shall run over some of them fellars an' girls," said Imogen. "I don't b'lieve Elmira has ever had anybody waitin' on her, do you, Sarah?"

"Never heard of anybody," replied Sarah. "Well, anyhow, she's goin' to have a real handsome dress out of that silk."

"Yes, she is," said Imogen, and just then from before the great plunging feet of her horse a pair of young lovers sprang with a laugh, having seen nothing of team nor the old sisters, nor yet of the little side lamps of happiness they bore, in the great dazzling circle of their own.

Elmira finished her dress Saturday. She had sat up nearly two nights stitching on it, but nobody would have dreamed it when she came down out of her chamber Sunday morning all ready for meeting. Her mother was sitting in the parlor beside a window, with her Bible on her knees. The window was opened wide, and the room was full of the reverberations of the meeting bell. Always on a pleasant Sunday morning in summer-time Ann Edwards sat with her Bible at the open window and listened to the meeting bell.

As Elmira entered, the bell tolled again, and the long wavering and dying of its sweet multiple tones commenced afresh. Elmira stood before her mother, and turned slowly about that she might view her on all sides in her new attire.

Elmira whirled slowly, in a whispering, shimmering circle of pale green silk; a little wrought-lace cape, which also had been part of her mother's bridal array, covered her bare neck, for the dress was cut low. She had bought a new ribbon of green and white, like the striped grass of the gardens, for her bonnet, and tied it in a crisp and dainty bow under her chin. This same bonnet, of a fine Florence braid, had served her for best for nearly ten years. She had worn a bright ribbon on it in the winter season, and a delicate-hued one in summer-time, but it was always the same bonnet.

Elmira had not had a new summer ribbon for three years, and now, in addition, she had purchased some rosebuds, and arranged them in little clusters in a frilling of lace inside the brim. Her pretty face looked out of this little millinery halo with an indescribably mild and innocent radiance. One caught one's self looking past her fixed shining eyes for the brightness which they saw and reflected.

"Well," said her mother, "I guess you look as well as some other folks, if you didn't lay out quite so much money. I guess folks will have to give in you do."

Ann Edwards's little nervous face wore rather an expression of antagonistic triumph than a smile of motherly approval; so hostile had been all her conditions of life that she never laid down her weapons, and went with spear in rest, as it were, even into her few by-paths of delight.

She pulled Elmira's skirts here and there to be sure they hung evenly; she bade her stand close, and picked out the ribbon bow under her chin. "Now you'd better run along," said she, "or the bell will stop tollin'."

She watched the girl, in her own old bridal array, step down the front path with more happiness than she had known since her husband's disappearance. Elmira had told her mother that Lawrence Prescott was coming to see her, and she had immediately leaped to farthest conclusions. Ann Edwards had not a doubt that Lawrence and Elmira would be married. She had, when it was once awakened, that highest order of ambition which ignores even the existence of obstacles.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

As Elmira's green skirts fluttered out of sight behind some lilac-bushes pluming to the wind with purple blossoms, Jerome came in, and his mother turned to him. "I guess Elmira will do about as well as any of the girls," said she, with her tone of blissful yet half-vindictive triumph.

Jerome looked at her wonderingly. "Why shouldn't she?" said he.

Immediately Mrs. Edwards put forth her feminine craft like an involuntary tentacle of protection for her excess of imagination against the masculine practicality of her son. Neither she nor Elmira had said anything about Lawrence Prescott to him; both knew how he would regard the matter. It seemed to Mrs. Edwards that she had fairly heard him say: "Marry Doctor Prescott's son! You know better, mother." Now she, with her Bible on her knees, shunted rapidly the whole truth behind a half-truth.

"I guess she'll cut full as good a figure in my old silk and her old bonnet with a new ribbon on it as any of the girls," said she. Then she added, with a skilful swerve from whole truths and half-truths alike: "You'd better hurry, Jerome, or you'll be late to meetin'. Elmira is out of sight, an' the bell's 'most stopped tollin'."

"I am not going this morning," said Jerome.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"John Upham sent his oldest boy over here this morning to tell me the baby's sick. I am going over there and see if I can do anything."

"I should think John Upham had better send for Doctor Prescott instead of taking you away from meeting."

"You know he won't, mother. I believe he'd let the baby die before he would. I've got to go there and do the best I can."

"Well, all I've got to say is, he ought to be ashamed of himself if he'd let his own baby die before he'd call in the doctor, I don't care how bad he's treated him. I shouldn't wonder if John Upham was some to blame about that; there's always two sides to a story."

Jerome made no reply. He would have been puzzled several times lately, had he considered it of sufficient moment, by his mother's change of attitude toward Doctor Prescott. He went to the china-closet beside the chimney. On the upper shelves was his mother's best china tea set; on the lower, a little array of cloudy bottles; and some small bunches of herbs, all nicely labelled, were packed in the wide space at the bottom.

His mother's antagonistic eyes followed him. "I dun'no' as I can have them herbs in my china-closet much longer," said she; "they're scentin' up the dishes too much. If I want to have a little company to tea, I ain't goin' to have the tea all flavored with spearmint an' catnip."

"Well, I'll move them when I come home," said Jerome, with his usual concession, which always aggravated his mother more than open rebellion, although she admired him for it. "I only brought those little bundles down from the barn loft to have them handy. I'll rig up a cupboard for them in the wood-shed."

Jerome tucked a bottle or two in his pocket, and rolled up a little bouquet of herbs in paper.

"I should think it would be time for you to go and see that young one after meeting," said his mother, varying her point of attack when she met with no resistance.

"I'll go to meeting this afternoon," replied Jerome, in the tone with which he might have pacified a fretful child. There was no self-justification in it.

"I s'pose Doctor Prescott will be mad if he hears of your goin' there; an' I dun'no' but I should be, in his place," she said, as Jerome went out. Then, as he did not answer, she added, calling out shrilly: "I don't see why John Upham can't call in Lawrence, if he wants a doctor; he's begun to study with his father; he can't have nothin' against him. I guess he knows as much as you do."

"Mother's queer," Jerome told himself as he went down the road, and then dismissed the matter from his mind, for the consideration of the Upham baby and the probable nature of its ailment, upon which, however, he did not allow himself to dwell too long. Early in his amateur practice Jake Noyes had inculcated one precept in his mind upon which he always acted.

"There's one thing I want to tell ye, J'rome, and I want ye to remember it," Jake Noyes had said, "and that is, a doctor had ought to be like jurymen—he'd ought to be sworn in to be unprejudiced when he goes to see a patient, just as a juryman is when he goes to court. If you don't know what ails 'em, don't ye go to speculatin' as to what 'tis an' what ye'll do, on the way there. Ten chances to one, if you're workin' up measles in your mind an' what you'll do for them, you'll find it's mumps, an' then you've got to cure your own measles afore you cure their mumps; an' if you're hard-bitted an' can't stop yourself easy when you're once headed, you may give saffron tea to bring out the measles, whether or no. Think of the prospect, or the gals, or your soul's salvation, or anything but the sick folks, before you get to 'em the first time and don't know what ails 'em."

In girls Jerome had, so far, no interest; in his soul's salvation he had little active concern. The revivals which were occasionally upstirred in the community by prayer and the besom of threatened destruction passed over him like a hot wind for which he had no power of sensation, sometimes to his own wonder. Probably the cause lay in the fact that he was too thoroughly, without knowing it, rooted and grounded in his own creed to be emotionally moved by religious appeals. Jerome had, as all have, consciously or not, and vitally or not, his own creed. He believed simply in the unquestionable justice of the intent of God, the thwarting struggles against it by free man, and that his duty to apply his small strength toward furthering what he could, if no more than an atom, of the eternal will lay plain before him.

Jerome, who had not yet been disturbed by love of woman, who fretted not over the salvation of his own soul, had therefore, in order to follow his mentor's advice, to turn his attention to the prospect. His way led in an opposite direction from the church, and he was late, so met none of the worshippers bound to meeting. He was rather glad of that. After he left the village the road lay through the woods, with now and then open spaces of meadow, with green water-lines and shadows purple with violets in the hollows and blueberry-fields. Red cows in the meadows stared at him as he passed, with their mysterious abstraction from all reflection, then grazed again, moving in one direction from the sun. The blueberry-patches spread a pale green glimmer of blossoms, like a sheen of satin in a high light; young ferns curled beside the road like a baby's fingers grasping at life; the trees, which were late in leafing, also reached out toward the sun little rosy clasping fingers whereby to hold fast to the motherhood of the spring. The air was full of that odor, so delicate that it is scarcely an odor at all, much less a fragrance, which certain so-called scentless plants give out, and then only to wide recognition when they bloom in multitudes; it was like the simplest evidence of life itself. Through that came now and then great whiffs of perfume from some unseen flowering bush, calling as it were from its obscurity, with halloos of fragrance, to the careless passer-by to search it out.

Jerome passed along, seeing and comprehending all the sweet pageant of the spring morning, yet as an observer merely. Nature had as yet not established her fullest relationship to himself, and he knew not that her secret glory of meaning was like his own.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN UPHAM'S farm, or rather what had been John Upham's farm (Doctor Prescott owned it now), began at the end of a long stretch of woods, with some fine fields sloping greenly toward the west. Further on, behind a row of feathery elm-trees, stood the old Upham homestead.

John Upham did not live there now; his mortgage had been foreclosed nearly a year before, about the time the last baby was born. People said that the mother had been cruelly hurried out of her own house into the little shanty which her husband was forced to rent for a shelter. Poor John Upham had lost all his ancestral acres to Doctor Prescott now, and did not fairly know himself how it had happened. There had been heavy bills for medicines and attendance, and the doctor had loaned him money oftentimes, with his land as security for other debts. A little innocent saying of one of his six children to another was much repeated to the village: "Father bought you of Doctor Prescott, and paid for you with all the clover-field he had left, and you must be very good, for you came very dear."

It was known positively that John Upham had gone to Doctor Prescott's the day after he had left his old home, and told him to his face what he thought of him. "You have planned and manœuvred to get all my property into your hands from the very first of it," said John Upham. "You've drained me dry, an' now I hope you're satisfied."

"You had full value in return," replied the doctor, calmly.

"I haven't had time. In nine cases out of ten, if you had given me a little time, I could have got myself out, and you know it. You've screwed me down to the very second."

"I cannot afford to give my debtors longer time than that regulated by the laws of the commonwealth."

Then a sudden strange gleam had come into John Upham's blue eyes. "Thank the Lord," he cried out, in a trembling fervor of wrath—"thank the Lord, He gives all the time there is to His debtors, an' no commonwealth on the earth can make laws agin' it." He had actually then raised a great fist and shaken it before the doctor's face. "Now don't you ever darse to darken my doors again, Doctor Seth Prescott!" he had cried out. "If my wife or my children are sick, I'll let them lay and die before I'll have you in the house!" So saying, John Upham had stridden forth out of the doctor's yard, where he had held the conversation with him, with Jake Noyes and two other men covertly listening.

After that Jake Noyes had given surreptitious advice, with sly shoving of medicine-vials into John Upham's or his wife's hands, when the children were ailing, and lately Jerome had taken his place.

"Guess you had better go there instead of me when the young ones are out of sorts," Jake Noyes had told Jerome. Then he had added, with a crafty twist and wink: "When ye can quarrel with your own bread an' butter with a cat's paw, might as well do it, especially when you're gettin' along in years. You 'ain't got anything to lose if you do set the doctor again' ye, and I have."

The house in which the Uphams had taken shelter was in sight of the old homestead, some rods farther on, on the opposite side of the road. It stood in a sandy waste of weeds on the border of an old gravel-pit—an ancient cottage, with a wretched crouch of humility in its very roof. It had been covered with a feeble coat of red paint years ago, and cloudy lines of it still survived the wash of old rains and the beat of old sunbeams.

Behind it on the north and west rose the sand hill, dripping with loose gravel as with water, hollowed out at its base, until its crest, bristling with coarse herbage, magnified against the sky, projected far out over the cottage roof. The sun was reflected from the sand in a great hollow of arid light. Jerome, nearing it, felt as if he were approaching an oven. The cottage door was shut, as were all the windows. However, he heard plainly the shrill wail of the sick baby.

John Upham opened the door. "Oh, it's you, Jerome!" said he. "Good-day."

"Good-day," returned Jerome. "How is the baby?"

"Well, he seems kind of ailin'. Laury has been up with him all night. Thought maybe you might give him something. Come in, won't ye?"

There were only two rooms on the lower floor of the cottage—one was the kitchen, the other the bedroom where John Upham and his wife slept with the three youngest children.

Jerome followed Upham across the kitchen to the bedroom beyond. The kitchen was littered with all John Upham's poor household goods, prostrate and unwashed, degraded even from their one dignity of use. One of the kitchen windows opened toward the sand hill; the room was full of its garish glare of reflected sunlight, and the revelations were pitiless. Laura Upham, once a model housekeeper, had lost all ambition and domestic pride, now she had such a poor house to keep and so many children to tend.

Upham muttered an apology as Jerome picked his way across the room.

"Laury has been up all night with the baby, an' she hasn't had any time to redd up the room," he said. "The children have been in here all the mornin', too, an' they've stirred things up some. I've just sent 'em out to pick flowers to keep 'em quiet."

As he spoke he gathered up awkwardly, with a curious over-motion of his broad shoulders, as if he would conceal the action, various articles in his path. When he opened the door into the bedroom he crammed them behind it with a quick, shifty motion.

The kitchen had been repulsive, but the bedroom fairly shocked with the very indelicacy of untidiness. Jerome felt an actual modesty about entering this room, in which so many disclosures of the closest secrets of the flesh were made. The very dust and discolorations of the poor furnishings, the confined air, made one turn one's face aside as from too coarse a betrayal of personal reserve. The naked indecency of domestic life seemed to display and vaunt itself, sparing none of its homely and ungraceful details to the young man on the threshold of the room.

"Laury 'ain't had a chance to redd up this, either," poor John Upham whispered in his ear, and gathered up with a furtive swoop some linen from the floor.

"Oh, that's all right!" Jerome whispered back, and entered boldly, shutting as it were all the wretched disclosures of the room out of his consciousness; and all effort to do so was needless when he saw Mrs. Upham's face.

Laura Upham's great hollow eyes, filled with an utter passiveness of despair, stared up at him out of a sallow gloom of face. She had been pretty once, and she was not an old woman now, but her beauty was all gone. Her slender shoulders rounded themselves over the little creature swathed in soiled flannel on her lap. Just then it was quiet; but it began wailing again, distorting all its miserable little face into a wide mouth of feeble clamor as Jerome drew near.

Mrs. Upham looked down at it hopelessly. She did not try to hush it. "It's cried this way all night," she said, in a monotonous tone. "It's goin' to die."

"Now, Laury, you know it ain't any sicker than it was before," John said, with a kind of timid conciliation; but she turned upon him with a fierce gleam lighting her dull eyes to life.

"You needn't talk to me," said she—"you needn't talk to me, John Upham, when you won't have the doctor when it's your own flesh an' blood that's dyin'. I don't care what he's done. I don't care if he has taken the roof from over our heads. My child is worth more than anything else. He'd come if you asked him; he couldn't refuse—you know he couldn't, John Upham!"

John Upham's face was white; his forehead and his chin got a curious hardness of outline. "He won't have a chance," he said, between his teeth.

"Let your own flesh and blood, die then," cried his wife; but the fierceness was all gone from her voice; she had no power of sustained wrath, so spent was she. She gave a tearless wail that united with the child's in her lap in a pitiful chord of woe.

"Now, Laury, you know J'rome gave Minnie somethin' that helped her, and she seemed every mite as sick as the baby," her husband said, in a softer voice. But she turned her hopeless eyes again upon the little squalid, quivering thing in her lap, and paid no more heed to him. She let Jerome examine the child with a strange apathy. There was no hope, and consequently no power of effort left in her.

When Jerome brought some medicine in a spoon she assisted him to feed the child with it, but mechanically, and as if she had no interest. Her sharp right elbow shone like a knob of ivory through a great rent in her sleeve; her dress was unfastened, and there was a gleam of white flesh through the opening; she neither knew nor cared. There was no consciousness of self, no pride and no shame for self in her; she had ceased to live in the fullest sense; she was nothing but the concentration of one emotion of despairing motherhood.

She heard Jerome and her husband moving about in the next room, she heard the crackling of fire in the stove, the clinking din of dishes, the scrape of a broom, not realizing in the least what the sounds meant. She heard with her mind no sound of earth but the wail of the sick baby in her lap.

Jerome Edwards could tidy a house as well as a woman, and John Upham followed his directions with clumsy zeal. When the kitchen was set to rights Mrs. Upham went in there, as she was bidden, with the baby, and sat down in a rocking-chair by the open window toward the road, through which came a soft green light from some opposite trees, and a breath of apple blossoms.

"We've got the room all redd up, Laury," John Upham said, pitifully brooding over her and looking into her face. She nodded vaguely, looking at the baby, who had stopped crying.

Jerome dropped some more medicine, and she took the spoon and fed it to the baby. "I think it will go to sleep now," said Jerome. Mrs. Upham looked up at him and almost smiled. Hope was waking within her. "I think it is nothing but a little cold and feverishness, Mrs. Upham," Jerome added. He had a great pitiful imagination for this unknown woe of maternity, which possibly gave him as great a power of sympathy as actual knowledge.

"You are a good fellow, Jerome, an' I hope I shall be able to do somethin' to pay you some day," John Upham said, huskily, when they were in the bedroom putting that also in order.

"I don't want any pay for what I give," Jerome returned.

When Jerome started for home, Mrs. Upham and the baby were both asleep in the clean bedroom. Retracing his steps along the pleasant road, he was keenly happy, with perhaps the true happiness of his life, to which he would always turn at last from all others, and which would survive the death and loss of all others.

He pictured John Upham's house as he found it and as he left it with purest self-gratulation. He had not gone far before he heard a clamor of childish voices; there were only two, but they sounded like a troop. John Upham's twin girls broke through the wayside bushes like little wild things. Their hands were full of withering flowers. He called them and bade them be very still when they went home, so as not to waken their mother and the baby, and they hung their heads with bashful assent. They were pretty children, in spite of their soiled frocks, with their little pink moist faces and curling crops of yellow hair.

"If you keep still and don't wake them up, I will bring you both some peppermints when I come to-morrow," said Jerome. He had nearly reached the village when he met the eldest two Upham children. They were boys, the elder twelve, the younger eight, sturdy little fellows, advancing with a swinging trot, one behind the other, both chewing spruce gum. They had been in the woods, on their way home, for a supply. Jerome stopped them and repeated the charge he had given to the little girls, then kept on. The bell was ringing for afternoon meeting—in fact it was almost done. Jerome walked faster, for he intended to go. He drew near the little white-steepled meeting-house standing in its small curve of greensward, with the row of white posts at the side, to which were tied the farmers' great plough-horses harnessed to covered wagons and dusty chaises, and then he caught a glimpse of something bright, like a moving flower-bush, in the road ahead. Squire Eben Merritt, his wife, his sister Miss Camilla, and his daughter Lucina were all on their way to afternoon meeting.

The Squire, with them that day, was leaving heroically his trout-pools and his fishing-fields; for was it not his pretty Lucina's second Sunday only at home? And was he not as eager to be with her as any lover? Squire Eben had gained perhaps twenty pounds of flesh to his great frame and a slight overcast of gray to his golden beard; otherwise he had not changed at all in Jerome's memory since he was a boy. His wife Abigail, like many a small dark woman who has never shown in her looks the true heyday of youth, was the same as he had always known her. Little and keenly pleasant, like some insignificant but brightly flavored fruit, set about with crisp silk flounced to her trim waist, holding her elbows elegantly aslant under her embroidered silk shawl, her small head gracefully alert in her bright-ribboned bonnet, she stepped along beside her great husband, and then came Lucina with Miss Camilla.

Miss Camilla glided along, drooping slenderly in black lace and lilac silk, with a great wrought-lace veil flowing like a bride's over her head, and shading with a black tracery of leaves and flowers her fair faded face; but Jerome saw her no more than he would have seen a shadow beside Lucina.

If Lucina's parents had changed little, she had changed much, with the wonderful change of a human spring, and this time Jerome saw her as well as her gown. She wore that same silken gown of a pale blue color spangled with roses, and the skirts were so wide and trained over a hoop and starched petticoats that they swung and tilted like a great double flower, and hit on this side and that with a quick musical slur. Over Lucina's shoulders, far below her waist, fell her wonderful fair hair, in curls, and every curl might well have proved a twining finger of love. Lucina wore a bonnet of fine straw, trimmed simply enough with a white ribbon, but over her face hung a white veil of rich lace, and through it her pink cheeks and lips and great blue eyes and lines of golden hair shone and bloomed and dazzled like a rose through a frosted window.

Lucina Merritt was a rare beauty, and she knew it, from her looking-glass, as well as the eyes of others, and dealt with herself meekly therewithal, and prayed innocently that she might consider more the embellishment of her heart and her mind than her person, and might not be too well pleased at the admiring looks of those whom she met. Indeed it was to this end that she wore the white veil over her face, though not one of her maiden mates would believe that. She fancied that it somewhat dimmed her beauty and that folk were less given to staring at her, not realizing that it added to her graces that subtlest one of suggestion, and that folk but stared the harder to make sure whether they saw or imagined such charms.

Jerome Edwards saw this beautiful Lucina coming, and it was suddenly as if he entered a new atmosphere. He did not know why, but he started as if he had gotten a shock, and his heart beat hard.

Squire Merritt made as if he would greet him in his usual hearty fashion, but remembering the day, and hearing, too, the first strains of the opening hymn from the meeting-house, for the bell had stopped tolling, he gave him only a friendly nod as he passed on with his wife. Miss Camilla inclined her head with soft graciousness; but Jerome looked at none of them except Lucina. She did not remember him; she glanced slightly at his face, and then her long fair lashes swept again the soft bloom of her cheeks, and her silken skirts fairly touched him as she passed. Jerome stood still after they had all entered the meeting-house; the long drone of the hymn sounded very loud in his ears.

He made a motion toward the meeting-house, hesitated, made another, then turned decidedly to the road. It seemed suddenly to him that his clothes must be soiled and dusty after his work in John Upham's house, that his hair could not be smooth, that he did not look well enough to go to meeting. So he went home, yielding for the first time, without knowing that he did so, to that decorative impulse which comes to men and birds alike when they would woo their mates.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY AND HER NEW PRESIDENT.

Two years hence the Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, will celebrate her sesquicentennial. As she approaches this central year of her second century, the school that was in former time endowed by General George Washington, and in more recent days presided over by General Robert E. Lee and by his eldest son, General G. W. Custis Lee, calls to the executive chair a member of President Cleveland's cabinet, Hon. William L. Wilson. General G. W. Custis Lee will remain in close connection with the university as emeritus president.

The present university is the outgrowth of a "log college" erected under the shadow of the Blue Ridge in the valley of Virginia in the year 1794. The founder of the colonial seat of learning was Robert Alexander, whose training in mathematics and the classics was received in Edinburgh. Robert Alexander dwelt in the midst of a portion of the immigrants of Scotch descent who came immediately from the province of Ulster, Ireland, in the first half of the eighteenth century, to fill up the western sections of the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and both Carolinas, and who afterwards organized most of the commonwealths in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. The name given by Alexander to his frontier school was Augusta Academy.

In 1776 the new baptismal name of Liberty Hall Academy was bestowed upon the young seminary as it passed under the ecclesiastical control of the Hanover Presbytery. In 1782 Liberty Hall received the earliest charter granted to a school of learning by the Commonwealth of Virginia. This charter bestowed upon the trustees all the powers and privileges usually conferred upon the directors of a completely equipped college. From Princeton came the Rev. William Graham to render service for twenty years as head master of Liberty Hall. Theologians, teachers, and patriots were trained at the feet of Graham for large service in the trans-Alleghany regions. To his own *alma mater* he sent, as the product of his class-room, that prince in Israel, Archibald Alexander, to become the first professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary.

Ten thousand dollars was the value of the endowment of the academy in the last decade of the eighteenth century. The building was of limestone, and unto this temple of education came annually many students "from distant parts of the country." But it was yet the day of small things in the affairs of this school. In 1796 the first considerable endowment was received through the generosity of George Washington.

As a testimonial to his character and public services, the General Assembly of Virginia, in 1785, bestowed upon General Washington certain shares in two canal companies. Washington accepted the gift only on the condition of being allowed, as he himself stated it, "to turn the destination of the fund vested in me from my private emoluments to objects of a public nature." The claims of Liberty Hall were presented to the Revolutionary leader. He saw the school standing in the very centre of that "West Augusta" country whose riflemen, under Daniel Morgan and William Campbell, had turned the tide of battle at Saratoga and at King's Mountain. Washington transferred to the academy the stock in one of the canal companies, and in gratitude was it now entitled the Washington Academy. To an address by the Board of Trustees Washington made the following response:

> Mount Vernon, 17th *June*, 1798.
>
> Gentlemen,—Unaccountable as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the address with which you were pleased to honor me, dated the 12th of April, never came into my hands until the 14th inst.
>
> To promote literature in this rising empire and to encourage the arts have ever been amongst the warmest wishes of my heart, and if the donation which the generosity of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Virginia has enabled me to bestow on Liberty Hall—now by your politeness called Washington Academy—is likely to prove a means to accomplishing these ends, it will contribute to the gratification of my desires. Sentiments like those which have flowed from your pen excite my gratitude, whilst I offer my best vows for the prosperity of the Academy and for the honor and happiness of those under whose auspices it is conducted. Go. Washington.
>
> Trustees of Washington Academy.

Through this gift of Washington the treasury of the academy was enriched by the sum of fifty thousand dollars. In the year 1802 the Virginian branch of the Society of the Cincinnati donated their funds to the Washington Academy as a mark of deference to their "late illustrious leader and hero." The year 1813 marked the change in title to that of "The College of Washington in Virginia," but the governmental powers conferred upon the trustees remained exactly the same as in the former academic days. Little more than a decade later the spirit of the Virginian members of the Cincinnati awakened the generosity of John Robinson, a soldier of the Revolution, to bear another offering to the shrine made sacred by the gift of his venerated leader. Robinson's estate added the sum of over forty-six thousand dollars to the endowment of the college.

From this foundation the influence of the Washington College was spread abroad into the regions of the West, South, and Southwest. Her sons were foremost among those engaged in the work of carving new commonwealths for the Federal Union. Twelve presidents of colleges she equipped for the work of education. Many States received their Governors from her halls. Among these were Crittenden of Kentucky, McDowell and Letcher of Virginia, and McNutt of Mississippi. Famous among the many United States Senators trained in the Washington College were Breckinridge and the Browns of Kentucky, H. S. Foote, of Mississippi, and William C. Preston, of South Carolina. As first among the multitude of ministers of the Gospel whom she sent forth we may mention only the name of William S. Plumer, the ornament and strength of the Presbyterian seminaries in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and Columbia, South Carolina.

From 1861 to 1865 the banner of Washington College was in the field of war. The class of 1861 went forth to battle under the captaincy of their professor of Greek, James J. White. As the "Liberty Hall Volunteers," these youths formed a part of the five regiments that stood in line under General Thomas J. Jackson at Manassas, July 21, 1861, and received in baptism of fire the immortal name of the "Stonewall Brigade." Many of the officers and private members of that brigade were the sons of Washington College.

The storm of war left the old college a wreck. Her halls were practically empty, her apparatus destroyed, and her endowment, invested in Virginia State securities, were temporarily unproductive. But members of the Board of Trustees pledged their private credit, and money was secured to reopen the college. August 4, 1865, General Robert E. Lee was called to the presidency. His letter of acceptance runs as follows:

> Powhatan Co., 24 *Aug.*, '65.
>
> Gentlemen,—I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst., informing me of my election by the Board of Trustees to the Presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the Trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labor of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the Board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of President might draw upon the College a feeling of hostility, and I should therefore cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. I think it is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Governments directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent upon those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the College.
>
> Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered me by the Board will be advantageous to the College and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it. Otherwise I must most respectfully decline the office.
>
> Begging you to express to the Trustees of the College my heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated its decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect,
>
> Your most obedient servant,
>
> R. E. Lee.

When General Lee entered upon the active duties of his position he made this declaration: "I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

As the ideal hero of his people, General Lee at once drew about him the young men of the South and Southwest. Many of his old soldiers came to complete their training in the halls where Lee wielded the sceptre of peace. The personal influence of the president himself was the chief educational agency in the Washington College of those *post bellum* days. The force of his own moral character was the most potent instrumentality in the system of discipline maintained by General Lee. His ability in organization secured enlarged courses of instruction. His wisdom and skill in administration brought a growing patronage to the college, and his wide fame and personal influence drew gifts to the endowment of the college from every section of our country. After the beloved president passed away, the college was incorporated under the title, "The Washington and Lee University." Since 1871 General G. W. Custis Lee has filled the office of chief executive, and his own generous gifts have been added to the donations poured into the treasury of the university from every land as tributes to the character and public services of the Lees, father and son.

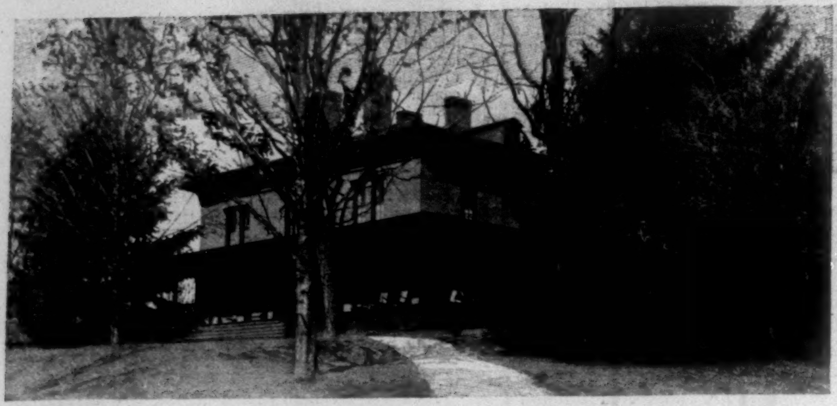
When President Wilson takes charge of the institution in July, 1897, he will find a host of Northern as well as Southern names in vital connection with the work of the university through the large gifts made since the accession of Robert E. Lee to the presidency. The London philanthropist, George Peabody, Esq., has bound his own name to the university by the handsome donation of $250,000. From Vincent L. Bradford, LL.D., D.C.L., of Philadelphia, has come the munificent bequest of his law library, handsome collection of paintings, and one-half his large estate. The face of Colonel Thomas A. Scott looks down from the portrait-covered wall in the Lee Memorial Chapel in commemoration of the fact that his generosity has added the sum of $60,000 to the funds of the university. On the same wall hangs the painted image of that most liberal benefactor of the university, W. W. Corcoran, of Washington city.

Upon the university campus stands "Newcomb Hall," the new library building erected to the memory of her husband, the late Warren Newcomb, of New York, by Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb.

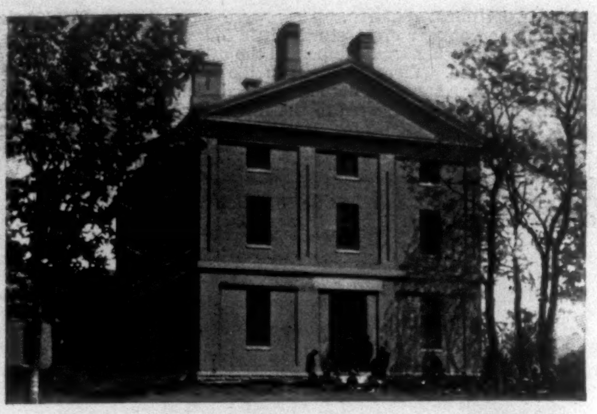
Hon. Cyrus H. McCormick, whose youth was spent almost beneath the shadow of the Washington College, gave himself a generous place among the financial supporters of the university. Among other liberal friends, we can only mention the names of Mr. R. H. Bayly, of New Orleans; Mr. Rathmell Wilson, of Philadelphia; Mr. Lewis Brooks, of Rochester, New York; Mr. H. H. Houston, of Philadelphia; Colonel F. O. French, of New York; Colonel J. H. Mapleson, of New York; Mrs. Donovan and Mrs. Birely, of Baltimore; and Mrs. Ross, of Virginia. The president-elect, William Lyne Wilson, now in his fifty-fourth year, has already rendered to his countrymen a large measure of educational and political service. He is a native Virginian—born in Jefferson County before it became a portion of the State of West Virginia. At the Charlestown Academy he was fitted for entrance to the Columbian University, D. C. At the age of seventeen, in the year 1860, he was graduated from this institution. The trumpet of war called him away from his studies at the University of Virginia in the year 1862, and sent him to the field as a private Confederate soldier in the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. In this service he bore a full share in all the gallant deeds of his company. After the war Mr. Wilson filled the position of assistant professor of ancient languages in the Columbian University; at the same time he was engaged in the study of law, and received a diploma in 1867. From the latter date until 1871 he occupied the chair of Latin in his *alma mater*.

A wide and growing practice at the bar in Charlestown began to engage his energies and talents in 1871. The year 1880 marked his first entrance into the field of politics as delegate to the National Democratic Convention. In this same year he made a canvass of his State as elector-at-large on the Hancock ticket. The autumn of 1882 saw him entering a new field of labor as president of the West Virginia State University. His fellow-citizens in the Charlestown district suffered him to pursue his executive duties in the university during one session only. In 1883 he was given commission to the halls of Congress, and there he remained twelve years to render distinguished service. In 1887 he was given a place on the Ways and Means Committee, and plunged at once with great ardor into the work of reforming the tariff. His speech on the "Mills bill," his address as permanent chairman of the National Democratic Convention of 1892, and his speech in New York city informing Mr. Cleveland of his nomination have been accorded a very high rank in the sphere of political oratory. As chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House he prepared the Wilson tariff bill. His eloquence and the force of his stainless character aided Mr. Wilson in waging the battle royal in behalf of this measure. As Postmaster-General in the cabinet of President Cleveland, Mr. Wilson's numerous reforms in the management of the service and his success in heightening the efficiency of the entire postal system of the United States have marked him as a man of rare executive ability. We anticipate for Mr. Wilson a career even more distinguished than his own brilliant past record when he turns his attention to the management of the university rendered sacred to our entire country by the gift of George Washington and the labors of Robert E. Lee.

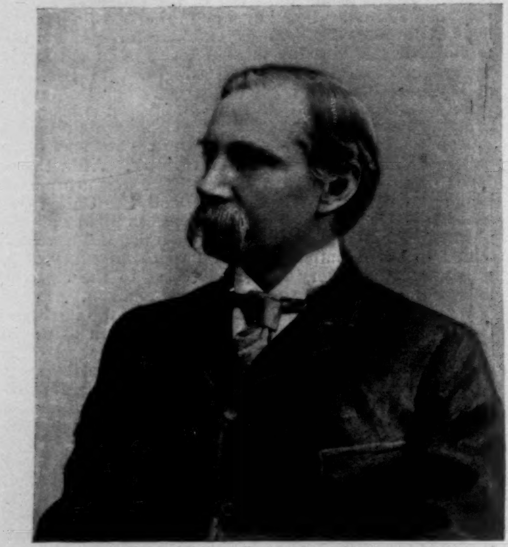
Henry Alexander White.



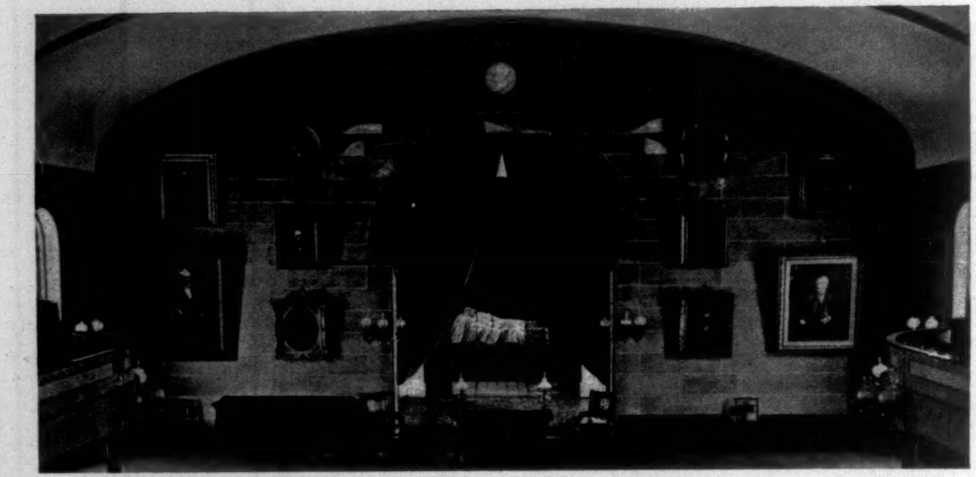
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.
Erected by General Robert E. Lee.



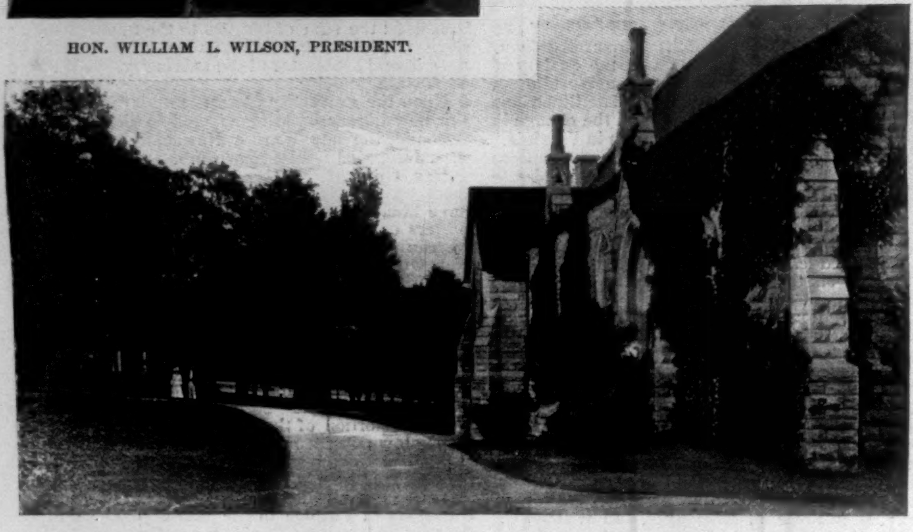
NEWCOMB HALL.



HON. WILLIAM L. WILSON, PRESIDENT.

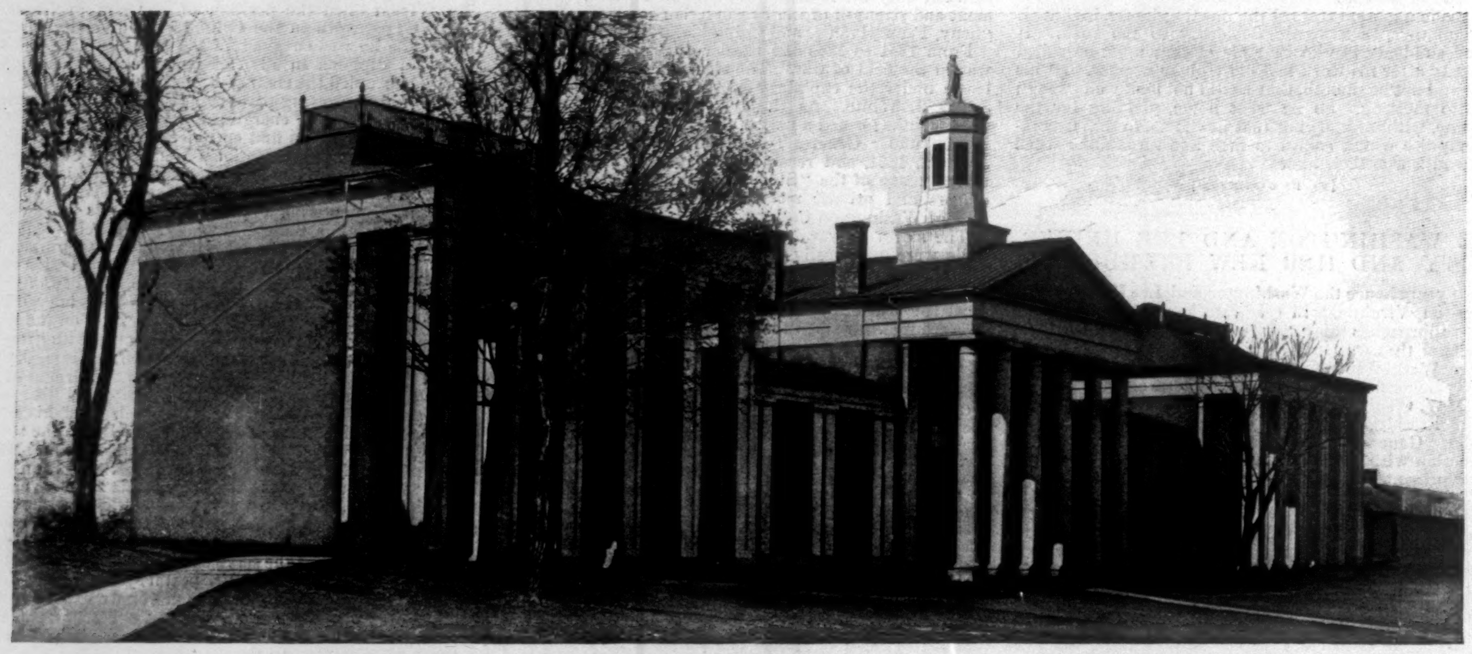


THE LEE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, SHOWING VALENTINE'S RECUMBENT STATUE OF GENERAL LEE.



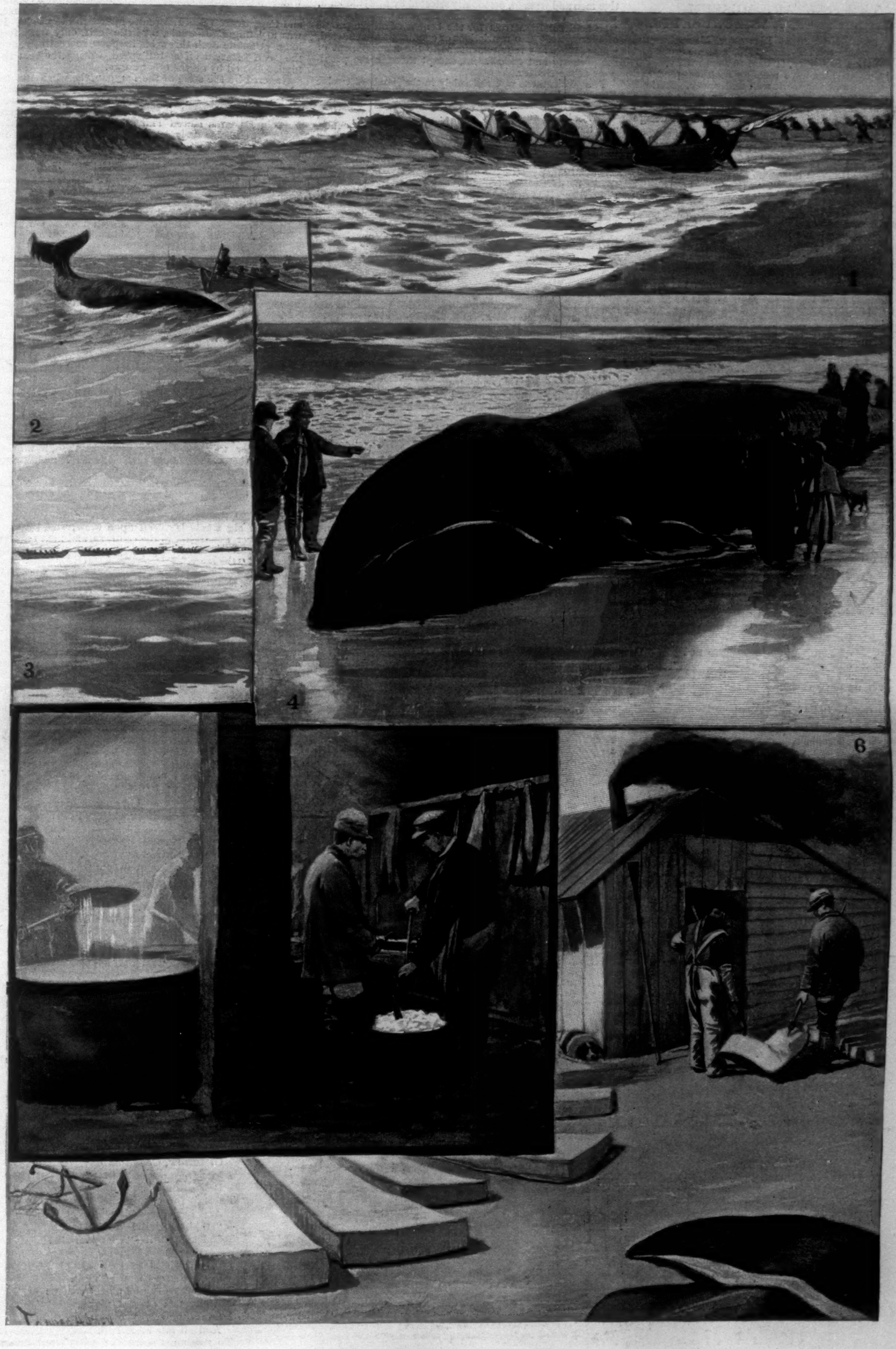
LEE MEMORIAL CHURCH AND THE CAMPUS.

RUIN OF LIBERTY HALL ACADEMY.
Endowed by George Washington.



THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, AND ITS NEW PRESIDENT.—[SEE PAGE 363.]



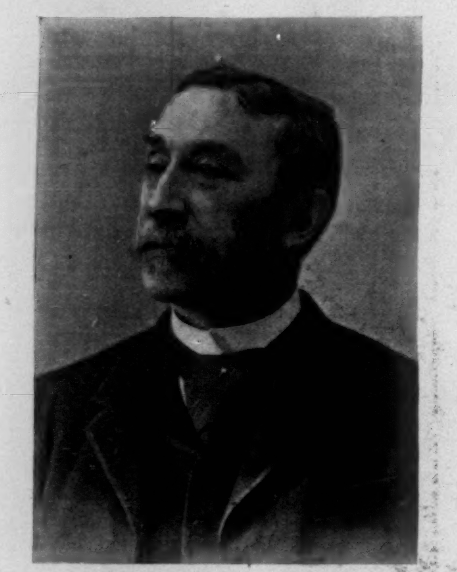
WHALING OFF AMAGANSETT, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Tappan Adney.—[See Page 366.]

1. Launching the Boats—"There she blows!" 2. Harpooning the Whale—"The Strike." 3. Towing Home the Capture. 4. High and Dry on the Beach. 5. Interior of the Try-House. 6. Exterior of the Try-House—Carrying in the Blubber.

THE NEW ART MUSEUM AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE new Art Museum at Worcester, Massachusetts, made possible through the thoughtful and generous gift of Hon. Stephen Salisbury, is soon to be a reality. The plans for the building have recently been accepted, and this spring will find the work well under way. Earle & Fisher, Worcester, are the architects. Mr. Earle devoted the past summer to careful examination of the principal museums of this country and of Europe, and the design shows the result of his tour of observation.

The building will be 56×128 feet, and the cost will be $100,000. It fronts the north. The style is in the Italian Renaissance, and the materials are granite for the lower plinth and steps, Indiana limestone for the basement, and, for the walls above, the same stone for trimmings, with Roman bricks of a light color. The upper part of the roof will be of glass, and the remaining portion of copper. The construction will be fire-proof throughout. The main interior feature of architecture will be the wide staircase, which will be done in marble mosaic or terrazo. The basement will contain large rooms for classes, administrative purposes, and storage. The first floor, 18 feet high, will be given up to two rooms, 42×52 feet each, for statuary. Large side windows will furnish light. The upper story is 22 feet high, and lighted entirely from the roof. The two rooms of this floor, also 42×52 feet, will be used as picture-galleries. The plans include passenger and freight elevators, complete steam-heating, gas and electric lighting, and thorough ventilation; a complete building in every particular.



HON. STEPHEN SALISBURY,
Founder of the Worcester Art Museum.

The edifice will be devoted entirely to art purposes, and schools of instruction will be opened. The city will no doubt be asked to contribute toward its maintenance.

The site, at the rear of which the building is to rest, is nearly square, containing 69,800 square feet, and admirably suited for its purpose. It is confidently expected that ultimately the growth of the museum will be such that additional buildings will form a rectangle about the land, and in this case the front structure will be of important design. The site lies in the northwesterly part of the city, in a thickly settled and wealthy residential community.

The founder has placed in the hands of a corporation (which is not to exceed a membership of fifty representative men and women, personally selected by him) the land, which is valued at $70,000, and the sum of $100,000, to "be held solely in trust for the benefit of all the people of Worcester." No restrictions or conditions are enacted, nor are there any requirements as to the management of the property and endowment, except those in the provisions of the charter.

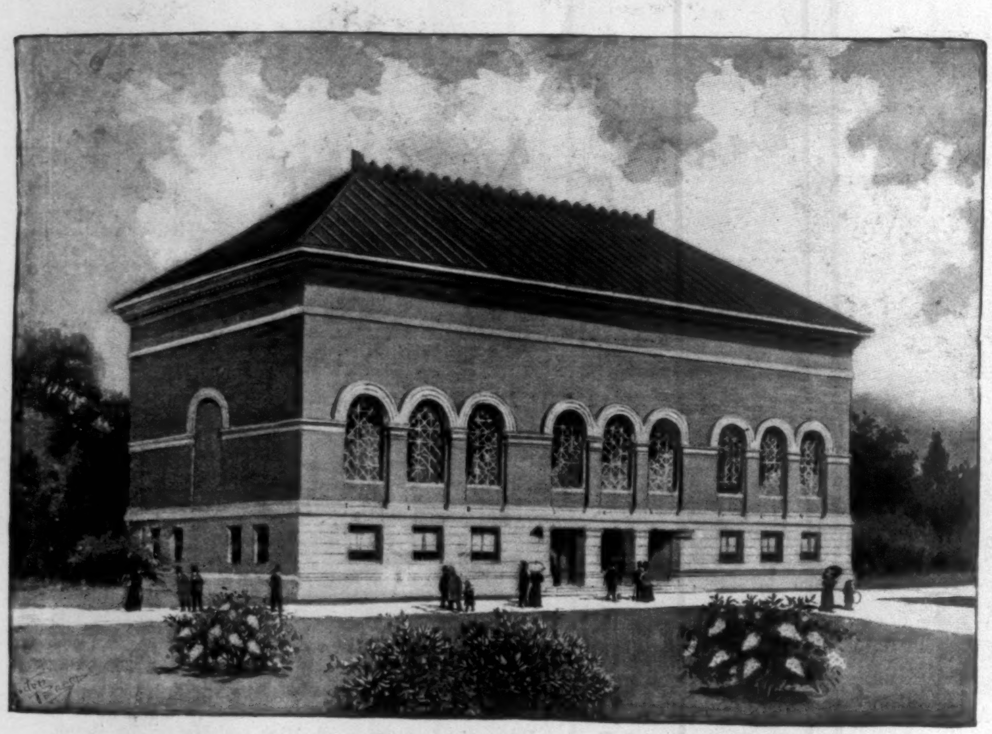
The government will rest solely in the hands of twelve directors, elected yearly by the corporation. The present president is the Rev. Daniel Merriman, D.D.

Mr. Salisbury's gift provided $50,000 for the building, and the same sum for its equipment and maintenance. The directors, however, thought best to increase the cost of the structure, and an additional $50,000 was raised by popular subscription.

Already many valuable gifts have been received. The St. Wulstan Society holds in trust a bequest of something like $35,000, left by the late Mrs. Helen C. Knowles as a memorial to her husband, to be known as the "Lucius J. Knowles Memorial," and this society has shown much interest in the movement, and already signified its intention to fit up one of the working-rooms at considerable expense. And both the Worcester Art Society and the Art Students' Club will probably find permanent homes in the new Art Museum.

Since the foregoing was written, Mr. Salisbury has given an additional strip of land, containing nearly two thousand square feet, at the south of the museum, which will insure the building against future crowding by other structures.

HERBERT L. JILLSON.



THE ART MUSEUM TO BE ERECTED AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

WHALING AT AMAGANSETT.

AWAY out on the eastern end of Long Island, almost as much at sea as though it were an island by itself, is the little fishing-village of Amagansett. It lies directly on the ocean, and has neither harbor nor wharves nor ships, yet it is known far up and down the coast as a whaling-town, for it is at this point, strange to say, that the whales come nearest to the land; they are sighted first within a few miles of Amagansett.

The weather-seasoned surfmen, who fish through the breakers for food-fish, will give you a dozen reasons why this is so, and why their little navy is unique among the fishing fleets of the North Atlantic coast; but they are mostly guesses, and we only know that the whales have favored Amagansett thus for many years. During all the summer and fall the hardy fishermen who live in the gray cottages among the dunes set their nets for blue and weak fish, but from the end of winter to early summer they become fishermen of more heroic cast, and chase and take and land the biggest "fish" that swims—the whale. Nearly every season whales are sighted by the life-savers who patrol the beach, or by the lookout at the life-saving station, and when one or more of them are taken, the occasion is one to be marked with a white stone in the history of the sleepy little village.

One of these captures took place in the latter part of February this year, an unusually early date. The well-known signal from the life-saving station, "Whale in sight," at once put the little village in a fever of bustling preparation.

The crews of the half-dozen whale-boats hurried to their posts, and the entire population flocked to the beach to see the start of the venturesome chase. No details and no precautions are neglected; the boats of this unique navy are regular-built whale-boats, the tackle the best that money can buy, the men are worthy of the work, and their calling acquires a new dignity from it. They are no longer fishermen, but hunters of big game.

The whales—for there were three—had been sighted six miles to the eastward, and the word quickly passed along. Not a moment was wasted. Uncle Josh Edwards, a veteran whaleman, commanded the fleet, and, one after another, five light strong whale-boats were hurried across the beach, shouldered over the surf, and sent briskly off to the eastward by eager arms. The whales were soon sighted; Captain Josh's, the leading crew, had earned the right to strike; but the whales, frightened by the noise of the competing crews, disappeared. The crews landed at the Napeague life-saving station for a rest, when soon the whales were sighted again, and they launched for a second time in pursuit. More caution was exercised this time, and Captain Josh was allowed to approach the whale. It was a young right-whale, a "little" calf, only forty feet long. Captain Josh threw his harpoon successfully, and the "calf" started off at full speed, towing the boat behind, followed by all the other crews.

Angered by the sting of the harpoon, the whale thrashed and tore through the water for several miles—the water is there too shoal for the whale to "sound"—and then, tired out and wounded, it lay quiet on the surface, where Captain Edwards lanced and killed it, and then all the boats towed home their capture through the breakers in triumph. When it lay high and dry on the beach, where people came from miles around to see it, its captors turned to and converted it into dollars without delay.

They cut the great slabs of white blubber from the carcass, hauled it to the little try-house on wagons, and there, with keen wide chisels, they slit it into rashers, using the great flat tail for a block, and these again they chopped into small slices. Then they started fires under huge caldrons, and tried out the valuable oil from the chunks of blubber, feeding the fires with the tried-out "crackle," or residue, which gave forth a black, greasy smoke that fills the neighborhood, and leaves its taint on whatever it touches for months after. They cut out the mass of whalebone from the roof of the whale's mouth, and stored it away, saving every pound. The trying out went on night and day without cessation for several days, with relief crews. Then the crews met at the village store, the Parliament of Amagansett, and "reckoned" and "calculated," and concluded that the whalebone and the sixty barrels of oil and the skeleton (which was to go to some museum) would bring, to be divided share and share, $2000.

But the luck of Amagansett's fleet was not yet ended for the season; on the morning of March 15 the whale signal was again to be seen streaming from the mast-head of the lookout in a southerly gale. Four crews in their oil-skins gathered as if by magic on the beach, and were soon under way outside the breakers, though the big green combers of the heavy surf made the launch unusually hard and dangerous.

This time the whale was close inshore; when struck, he leaped bodily from the water, and in the fierce fight that followed, the crews needed all their skill and nerve.

As before, their pluck was generously rewarded, for by noon the big whale lay dead upon the strand, by night the blubber was trying in the caldrons, and next morning another entry, a fifty-footer this time, was entered on the record at "the store."

Now the whale-boats are housed again, the men have gone back to their regular occupation, and the harpoons and lances are sharpened against another day, when the signal shall be flown again from the little shingled life-saving station, "Whale in sight off shore."

JOHN CLARKE.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

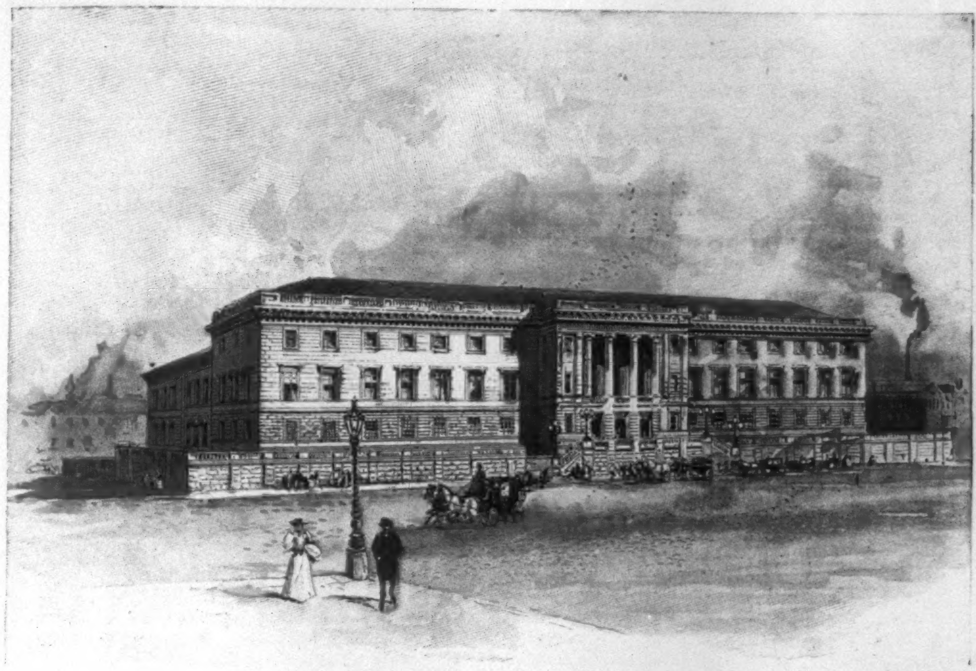
Do you remember, father,—
  It seems so long ago,—
The day we fished together
  Along the Pocono?
On the edge of dark I waited
  For you, beside the mill;
And there I heard a hidden bird
  That chanted "whip-poor-will!"
  "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
  Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

The place was all deserted;
  The mill-wheel hung at rest;
The lonely star of evening
  Was quivering in the west;
The veil of dusk was falling,
  The winds were folded still,
And everywhere the trembling air
  Re-echoed "whip-poor-will!"
  "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
  Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

You seemed so long in coming;
  I was a little lad;
I had not learned the lessons
  That make men wise and sad.
I dreamed of human sorrow,
  And felt my bosom fill
With the far-off pain that haunts the strain
  Of mournful whip-poor-will.
  "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
  Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

'Twas but a shadowy trouble
  That lightly passed away;
I've come to know the substance
  Of sorrow, since that day.
And nevermore at twilight,
  Beside the silent mill,
I'll wait for you, in the falling dew,
  And hear the whip-poor-will.
  "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
  Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

But if you still remember,
  In that sweet land of light,
The shades of grief that touch us
  Along this edge of night,
I think our earthly mourning,
  And all our mortal ill,
To you must seem like a boy's sad dream,
  Who hears the whip-poor-will.
  "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
  A passing thrill—"whippoorwill!"



THE NEW HOME OF THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.

THE NEW PHILADELPHIA MINT.

BY FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

The new Mint will resemble, in the classic style of its architecture, the existing building, but in dimensions and general plan will be a great advance upon the latter. Simplicity is the key-note of the design that Supervising Architect William M. Aiken has given out, and, except for its main front, the structure will be almost without decorations. The building will occupy an entire block, almost in the heart of the city, though somewhat out of the path of active trade. It will be arranged in the form of a hollow square, the court-yard in the middle insuring a sufficiency of light to all interior rooms. The main front will be 316 feet in length, while the frontages on the side streets will be 180 feet each. A handsome terrace will run along the main front. Granite will be the material employed in construction as high as the top of the terrace balustrade. Above that line white marble will be used. The roof will be of copper. The building is to be three stories high in front and two in the rear. The front portion will be open to the public, and will contain the executive offices. The main storage vaults will occupy a space on the basement floor 308 by 52 feet, and will have a height of 20 feet. Offices, grinding, engine, and dynamo rooms will also be on this floor, and the entrance will be through a guard-room, in which all persons going out will be compelled to undergo an examination. The front portion of the building on the floor above, accessible to the public, will be reached by the main entrance, sheltered by a columned porch, approached by two flights of granite steps surmounting the terrace. From the vestibule will open the public lobby, on either side of which will be rooms for the assembling of parties desiring to inspect the Mint, and for guides, and for the storage of arms and ammunition to be used in case of an emergency. Corridors are to give entrance to the various offices, and to the deposit and melting rooms, etc. In the rear will be vaults and the melting, cutting, annealing, whitening, and coining rooms. These rooms, while they will not be open to the public, will be overlooked by the corridors of the mezzanine floor, and from the vantage-point of these galleries it will be possible to see the operations below. The principal part of the space on the mezzanine floor will be given over to a museum for the really fine numismatic collection of the Mint. This museum will have a domed ceiling and mosaic floor, will be finished in marble, and promises to be a handsome apartment. It will occupy a middle place in the building, and access to it, as well as to the galleries, will be had by means of the main staircase, which is to ascend from the public lobby in front. On the second floor will be the library, and counting, reading, die, engraving, model, and mess rooms, and clerks' offices. In the rear will be the refiners' and adjusters' offices and storage and carpenter rooms. Dining-rooms, kitchens, dressing and toilet rooms, will take up the third floor.

ANECDOTES OF DU MAURIER.

Du Maurier loved dogs, as we all do who are normally constructed. His pictures are good evidence on this point, and one of the conspicuous ornaments of his Hampstead house was the skin of his huge Newfoundland pet. One day, while taking his favorite walk about the Heath, he saw a gathering of people on the borders of the shallow pond which is a particular attraction to Hampstead. A thin coating of ice covered the water, excepting where a little dog had broken through and was ineffectually struggling to get out again. The ice was, however, so weak that whenever this little creature drew its front paws up over the edge it broke under its weight, and forced him to repeat this painful operation again and again, until it looked as though the poor animal would become exhausted in his efforts.

Du Maurier was in delicate health at the time, and knowing that the water was nowhere more than three feet deep, called to the idlers in the crowd, "Here's half a crown for the man who fetches that dog ashore!" The offer was not accepted; at least not soon enough to satisfy the mercurial artist. So, despite the doctor, into the pond rushed du Maurier, breaking his way through the thin ice until he reached the drowning doggie, which he seized in his arms and brought ashore, amid the cheers of the bystanders.

His only thought now was to run home rapidly in order to prevent a chill. He was overtaken, however, by a man, who pressed him to accept a piece of money by way of reward. Du Maurier declined, with thanks, and pressed on with renewed vigor. The man, however, would not be discouraged in his charitable intention, but repeatedly urged our artist to accept a tip for his trouble. The annoyance at length grew beyond even du Maurier's fondness for a joke, for the well-meaning patron insisted upon putting a tip into du Maurier's hands while he was fumbling for his door-key on the front steps of his own house.

Between this and the miserable chilliness of his garments du Maurier finally forgot that courtliness which was his distinguishing mark, and snapped out, "Damn it, go to the devil!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said the now blushing persecutor. "*I did not know you was a gentleman.*"

Du Maurier has been much written about in the press by men pretending to be his most intimate friends, though in one or two conspicuous instances the family of the late lamented were rather surprised at this presumption. One of du Maurier's institutions was a pair of vases which he called his "joke-pots." He used to receive a large number of contributions from English and American friends, all purporting to be true, and worthy of an illustration by him. I know at least several instances where friends of mine have sent him texts, which he very soon afterwards used to good advantage. As these contributions arrived he threw them into one of these "joke-pots," by way of filing—a new kind of pigeon-hole. Then when a moment arrived in which he had to scratch his head for a subject, he would dip his hand, or rather his arm, into this lottery, and fish up one contribution after the other, until he found one that might be regarded as a prize ticket. Such was the variety contained in his "joke-pots" that there was a text for every mood of his variegated mind.

In order that he might insure himself against repetition, he observed the routine of never putting a contribution back into the same "joke-pot" from which he had extracted it, but deposited it in the second vase, until the first one had been cleared. Then he attacked the second one and emptied all the lottery slips back into the first, and so on, daily weeding out the worthless ones, and refreshing his memory as to those best adapted to his purpose. The fact that these two "joke-pots" were kept so well supplied by friends who volunteered their contributions is in itself ample testimony to the personal charm widely exercised by this warm-hearted master of black and white.

P. B.

LATEST PUBLIC LIBRARY DEVELOPMENT.

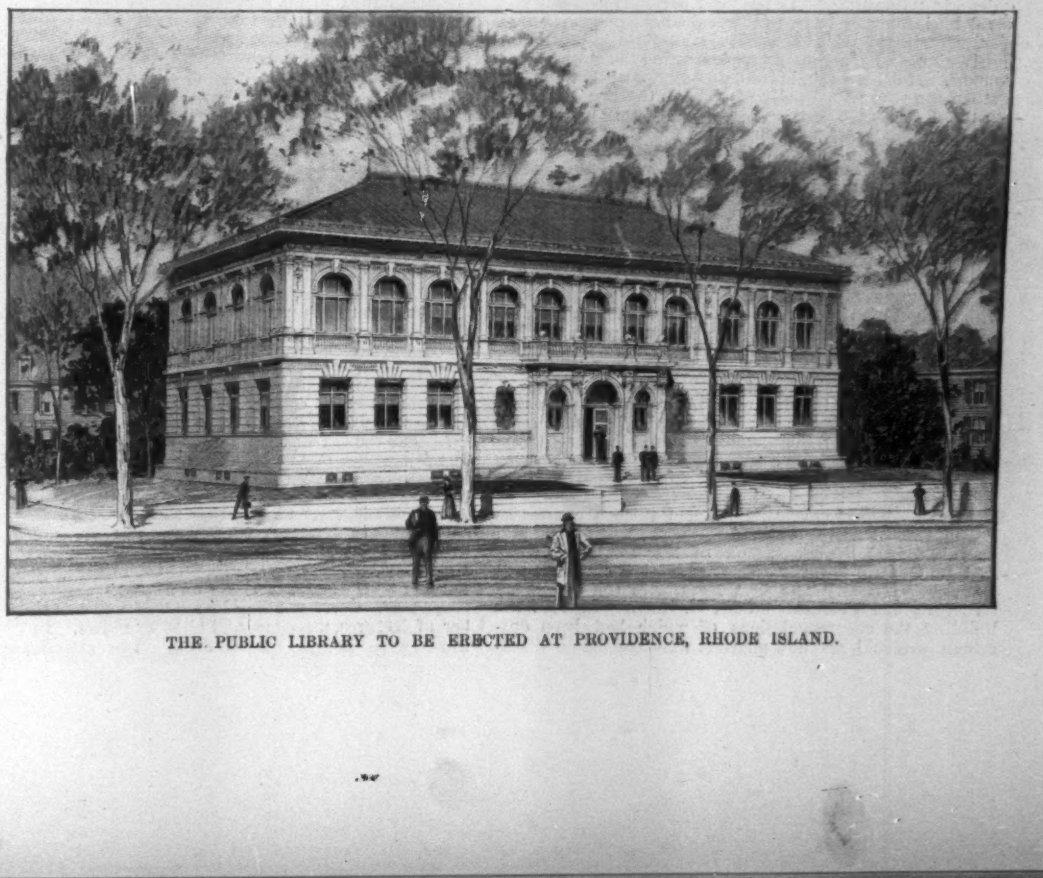
To have more books than shelves to hold them is, one may imagine, a misfortune that is not without certain mitigations. In the city of Providence this state of things has brought even compensation and rewards, and the chiefest of them is now about to be received in a library built according to ideas which every librarian has wanted to see put into architectural form. There is no reason why a library building should not be planned with a view mainly to meeting the demands of its internal economy—as railroad stations are, and school-houses, and banks, and chambers of commerce. What the requirements include the Providence Public Library has had an excellent chance to learn, for during ten of its twenty years its quarters have been so overwhelmed with new accessions of books that the orderly bestowal of them became at last too great a task for any ingenuity. Almost every defect or shortcoming against which it is desirable to guard in a library building has been met and noted there. And as the trustees allowed the Librarian, Mr. William E. Foster, to have some say about the interior, Providence in its new library will avoid the beautiful mistake which Boston made at Copley Square.

By the recent gift of $200,000 from John Nicholas Brown the trustees are enabled, taking funds already at their service, to erect the fine and dignified fabric herewith pictured. Its cost is estimated at only $325,000; yet it will, to a profitable degree, speak the latest word on the problem of the public library. One may point out that the design reproduces some of the memorable characteristics of the architecture of Rome and Florence as it was in the heyday of the Renaissance. There is little to break the lines of its belts and cornices; but it does not lack variety, for the belts are so disposed, the windows and openings in each are made in sizes and shapes so different, and the allowance of carvings and other enrichments has been so judicious that the eye finds the design lively in interest, and is gratified by the graded lightness of the structure from base to crested ridge. It looks every inch a library. But you see in this perspective drawing only the façade of the administration portion.

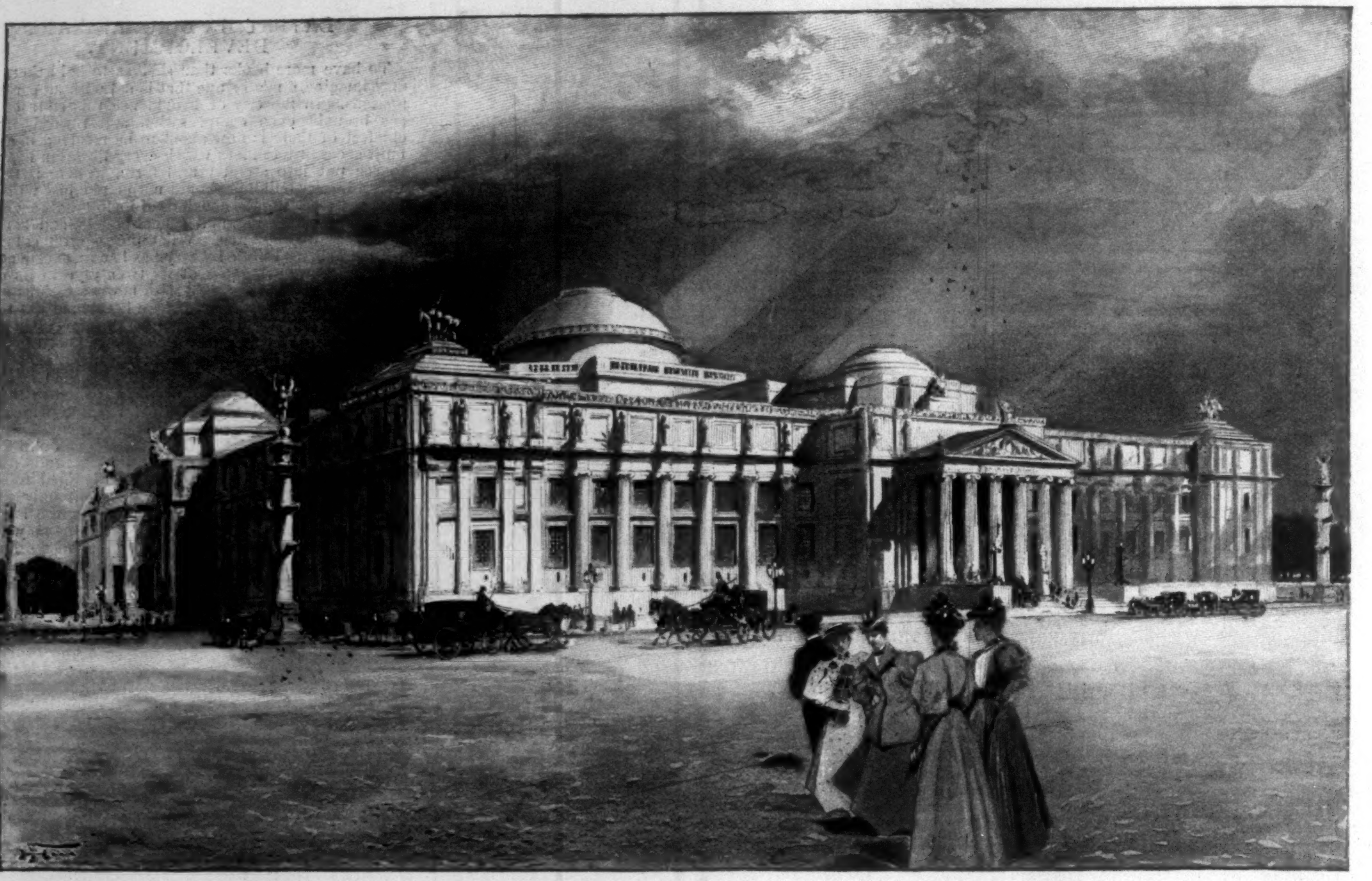
From the back of this projects the "Stack," an iron-framed, fire-proof L in the form of a cube, capable of indefinite extension upward or outward, as occasion may arise. In this the books will be compactly shelved in iron cases. Each tier of cases will be seven feet high, so the topmost volumes will not be above arm's-reach. In space-saving this stack will embody what has been learned by the builders of the new Library of Congress, and improve upon details. All the seven tiers, or floors, of books will be convenient to the Delivery Room, which, indeed, they will almost enclose, being above and below it, and standing to the left, right, and rear, like attentive servitors. Little time should elapse before the applicant receives his loan. Because the Delivery Room is, like a hotel lobby, the point of arrival and the point of departure, it will be the central feature of the first-floor plan, and from it, so to say, will radiate the lines leading to the several special libraries. Stone, Carpenter, & Willson are the architects.

In supplying facilities for the student, Providence Library will go almost as far as the Boston or the new Newberry in Chicago. It will go even farther in satisfaction of local demands, and will seek to become not merely a store-house, but a laboratory. Providence is a city with many industries, varying from locomotive-building and calico-printing to the fashioning of fine jewelry, and for students and apprentices and others there will be a Patent Room, a Map Room, an Art Room, and a Reference Room, all furnished with draughting and copying implements, and books and plates dealing with industrial and mechanical subjects. Visitors bringing along an amanuensis will have a Dictating Room, and teachers with their classes will have separate class-rooms and a Lecture Hall at their service. In one room will be deposited the Barnard Club's library of books on education, and in another all the scientific works of the Medical Society. Men will have one general reading-room, women another, and children another, and there will be a separate room for readers of newspapers and magazines. Best of all, there will be a Room of the Best Books, where worthies of learning, honest old fellows in leathern jackets, will forever wait, ready to give information or diversion.

By these various means Providence finally will have her books where they will be safe and handy to the public, and all owing to the liberality of a young man scarcely turned thirty. Mr. John Nicholas Brown inherited his



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY TO BE ERECTED AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.



EAST AND NORTH FAÇADES OF THE NEW BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.—McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.

interest in books. It was his father, John Carter Brown, who gave to Brown University her library building. He is a member of the Grolier Club of New York, and present owner of the celebrated John Carter Brown Library of Americana — a collection of books published before 1800 — which, during its collector's lifetime, competed with that of James Lenox (which is now in the Lenox foundation of the New York Public Library) for the rank of first importance. Providence contains other famous collections, with which the Public Library is upon reciprocal terms. At the university there is the largest library of American poetry; in the house of Mr. Marsden J. Perry there is the finest lot of Shakesperiana in the country. Then there is the Athenæum, one of the oldest of all public libraries, its assortment of high-class works being kept on open shelves in a tranquil Greek building set among trees half-way up College Hill. It has a charming atmosphere. Poe burned his pallid flame in this temple, and Thackeray once pilgrimaged to see its Malbone.

Franklin Clarkin.

BROOKLYN'S "UNIVERSITY FOR THE PEOPLE."

The educational institutions of Brooklyn have responded with alacrity in recent years to the general demand for improvement. Two of her academies have advanced to the dignity of colleges; and her public schools are believed now to embrace most that is desirable in other school systems, besides features of novel excellence conceived by their directors—not least among which is a school for industrial training. Worthy of special note, however, as adjuncts and auxiliaries to her educational enterprises, public and private, are the facilities of advanced learning recently provided by her old and long quiescent "Institute." In the brief period since their revival its influences have multiplied and overspread the city, diffusing popular knowledge, stimulating a desire for cultivation, and generously supplementing the work of the schools. Not long ago, indeed, during one of the summer gatherings at the University of Oxford, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences was gratifyingly referred to as being "the best American example of that university extension work" in which the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin are so vigorously engaged on the other side of the Atlantic. Alluding to this statement recently, Professor Franklin W. Hooper, its director, said that whether the compliment was merited or not, the Institute is certainly a "university for the people"—for all those who have passed the school or college age, who wish to carry forward their education from year to year, and to keep constantly in touch with the best men in every branch of science and literature.

As the method of its development is such as may be imitated by not a few communities, a glance at its history, its extended usefulness, and its hopeful prospects will have more than local interest.

It had its origin in 1823, when Augustus Graham met with several gentlemen at Stevenson's Tavern "on a summer day" "for the purpose of establishing for the apprentices of Brooklyn a free library." In furtherance of their object they adopted a constitution and solicited subscriptions of books and money from the citizens of Brooklyn. The Legislature granted them a charter as "The Brooklyn Apprentices' Library Association," and on July 4, 1825, the corner-stone of their first building was laid by General Lafayette at the junction of Henry and Cranberry streets. The first lecturer in the completed structure was Professor James H. Dana. In 1835 the building, the accommodations of which had been outgrown, was sold, and new quarters were erected on Washington Street, then Brooklyn's centre of wealth and refinement. In 1843 the name was changed to that of "The Brooklyn Institute," as corresponding to the enlarged design of its directors, who now aimed to make it a factor in the social, literary, and scientific life of the city at large. From the beginning its library had a wide circulation, and from its platform were heard at intervals the eminent divines, orators, and scientific men of the time.

In 1848 Mr. Graham presented the building, which had been heavily mortgaged, free of all encumbrance, to the trustees, and gave to the Institute by will $27,000 as a permanent endowment fund. He directed $10,000 of the sum to be used in support of lectures, purchase of apparatus, etc.; the interest of $12,000 to be devoted to the support of Sunday evening lectures on "The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in His Works"; and the remainder to be employed "in support of a school of design and in forming a gallery of fine arts."

The instructions of the testator were executed as far as practicable. But in 1867 it was found that the superior facilities for public gatherings afforded by more commodious halls caused that of the Institute to be neglected. Its enlargement followed at an expense of $30,000, which, becoming a debt, crippled for a time the foundational work of the institution. Not until 1887 was final payment made of a mortgage thus incurred. But when that was done, and its entire income became available for educational work, the Institute awoke under the stimulus of a new impulse. In 1887 the trustees announced their purpose of so extending its operations as to meet the needs of the community, whose growth had become phenomenal, and a form of organization was adopted which contemplated a large association of members, continuous increase of the endowment fund, and enlargement of the scientific and art collections. A general invitation to become members was issued to all interested in art and science, and courses of lectures in various branches of these were projected. The response was immediate. The Brooklyn Microscopical Society, the American Astronomical Society (with members in New York and Brooklyn), the Brooklyn Entomological Society, and the Linden Camera Club united with the Institute. Departments of Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Zoology, and Archæology were successively formed. In 1889–90 the number of members in these departments more than doubled, and new departments were added of Architecture, Electricity, Geography, Mathematics, Painting, Philology, Political and Economic Science, and Psychology.

Since then departments of Music, Pedagogy, and Law have been organized, and two Summer Schools of Art established—one at the sea-shore and one in the mountains. All these departments are in charge of competent instructors, and each provides lectures, once a month or oftener, by eminent specialists. To entitle them to all its privileges, associate members of the Institute are charged an entrance-fee of $5 and annual dues of a like amount. For admission to concerts, dramatic readings, Institute extension lecture courses, etc. — involving considerable additional outlay—a small extra fee is demanded.

In 1892 the old building on Washington Street was sold to the trustees of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. Contemporaneously the old Brooklyn Institute, by legislative authority, became the new "Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences," transferring thereto all its property, amounting to $139,286 invested funds, together with all its collections, library, and other assets, valued at $42,450. Its growth in members has been extraordinary. On June 1, 1888, their number was 82; on June 1, 1896, it had become 4168. Corresponding increase is shown in the number of lectures, meetings, and class exercises. In 1887–8 these were 78; in 1895–6, 3069. The attendance in 1887–8 was 6900; in 1895–6, 268,580. Increase in resources has been alike gratifying. In 1887–8 the income receipts amounted to $4456 70, and the permanent funds to $37,000. In 1895–6 the totals on these accounts, respectively, were $66,199 73 and $230,053 94.

Since the surrender and demolition of the old Washington Street building, the work of the Institute has been carried on in rooms set apart for its use by the Young Men's Christian Association, the Union for Christian Work, the Packer Collegiate Institute, the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, Adelphi College, the Brooklyn Art Association, and the Church of the Saviour. Successful as it has been, it yet is embarrassed by the remoteness from one another of its centres of operation. The project of erecting a new museum building, entertained since 1888, has therefore been vigorously pressed. In 1891 the Legislature authorized the city to expend $300,000 for this purpose, and one of the most desirable sites in Brooklyn was selected, on what are known as the East Side Park lands, adjoining Prospect Park and fronting on the picturesque driveways known as Eastern Parkway and Washington Avenue.

Examination of competitive plans for the structure resulted in the adoption of those submitted by McKim, Mead, & White, architects, from which the accompanying illustration has been made of the east and north façades. The corner-stone of the structure was laid by the Hon. Charles A. Schieren, Mayor of Brooklyn, December 14, 1895. One of its wings is now nearing completion. When finished the building will be about 550 feet square, and will have four large interior courts. It will be three stories in height, with over-ground basement. On the south it will overlook Prospect Park and Institute Park, and will have an unobstructed view to the east, south, and west. On the north it will face the Eastern Parkway, with unobstructed view to the north and west. On the first or principal floor will be a great hall of sculpture, a central hall to be known as Memorial Hall, and a large auditorium for lectures, concerts, etc. Space will be devoted to collections representing architecture, sculpture, and allied arts. The northeastern court and galleries adjacent will contain specimens of Chaldean, Assyrian, and Egyptian art, and of prehistoric archæology; the northwest court and galleries, specimens of Græco-Roman art; the southwest court and galleries, specimens of mediæval art, including Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic; the southeast court and galleries, representatives embracing a history of modern art — Renaissance, Mohammedan, Chinese, Japanese, and recent. The four great courts, which will be covered with glass at the roof of the building, will contain the larger objects representing each period. The auditorium and hall of sculpture will ascend through the three stories of the structure. The second floor will be occupied by the literary and scientific departments. There also will be the lecture-rooms of most of the departments, with the collections appropriate to each. The main features of the third floor will be the music-room, the general reference library, the galleries for painting, etching, etc., and the galleries for domestic art and science. It will also have galleries suitable for an extensive exhibition of paintings. The central axis will rise one story higher than the outer portions, and to it will be assigned the departments of Engineering, Electricity, Chemistry, Music, Sculpture, and Architecture. The Memorial Hall—the central and most imposing feature of the building—will rise from the first floor to the arch of the main dome.

An act of the Legislature, approved in April, 1896, by his Excellency Governor Morton, authorizes the issue in the present year of bonds of the city of Brooklyn to the limit of $300,000 for the prosecution of the work.

S. Giffard Nelson.

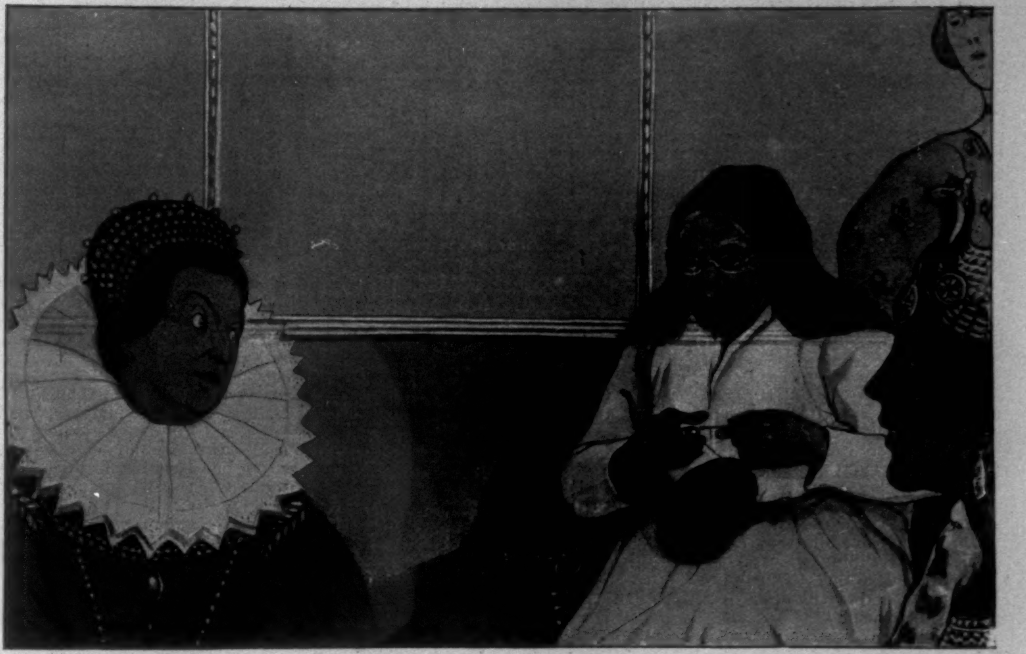
THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

Author of "A House-Boat on the Styx," etc.

Illustrated by Peter Newell.



"'YOU ARE A VERY CLEAR-HEADED YOUNG WOMAN, LIZZIE,' SAID MRS. NOAH."

X.—A WARNING ACCEPTED.

"IT is with no desire to interrupt my good friend Cassandra unnecessarily," said Mrs. Noah, as the prophetess was about to narrate her story, "that I rise to beg her to remember that, as an ancestress of Captain Kidd, I hope she will spare a grandmother's feelings, if anything in the story she is about to tell is improper to be placed before the young. I have been so shocked by the stories of perfidy and baseness generally that have been published of late years, that I would interpose a protest while there is yet time if there is a line in Cassandra's story which ought to be withheld from the public; a protest based upon my affection for posterity, and in the interests of morality everywhere."

"You may rest easy upon that score, my dear Mrs. Noah," said the prophetess. "What I have to say would commend itself, I am sure, even to the ears of a British matron; and while it is as complete a demonstration of man's perfidy as ever was, it is none the less as harmless a little tale as the Dottie Dimple books or any other more recent study of New England character."

"Thank you for the load your words have lifted from my mind," said Mrs. Noah, settling back in her chair, an expression of satisfaction upon her gentle countenance. "I hope you will understand why I spoke, and withal why modern literature generally has been so distressful to me. When you reflect that the world is satisfied that most of man's criminal instincts are the result of heredity, and that Mr. Noah and I are unable to shift the responsibility for posterity to other shoulders than our own, you will understand my position. We were about the most domestic old couple that ever lived, and when we see the long and varied assortment of crimes that are cropping out everywhere in our descendants it is painful to us to realize what a pair of unconsciously wicked old fogies we must have been."

"We all understand that," said Cleopatra, kindly; "and we are all prepared to aquit you of any responsibility for the advanced condition of wickedness to-day. Man has progressed since your time, my dear grandma, and the modern improvements in the science of crime are no more attributable to you than the invention of the telephone or the oyster cocktail is attributable to your husband."

"Thank you kindly," murmured the old lady, and she resumed her knitting upon a phantom Tam o' Shanter, which she was making as a Christmas surprise for her husband.

"When Captain Kidd began his story," said Cassandra, "he made one very bad mistake, and yet one which was prompted by that courtesy which all men instinctively adopt when addressing women. When he entered the room he removed his hat, and therein lay his fatal error, if he wished to convince me of the truth of his story, for with his hat removed I could see the workings of his mind. While you ladies were watching his lips or his eyes, some of you taking in the gorgeous details of his dress, all of you hanging upon his every word, I kept my eye fixed firmly upon his imagination, and I saw, what you did not, *that he was drawing wholly upon that!*"

"How extraordinary!" cried Elizabeth.

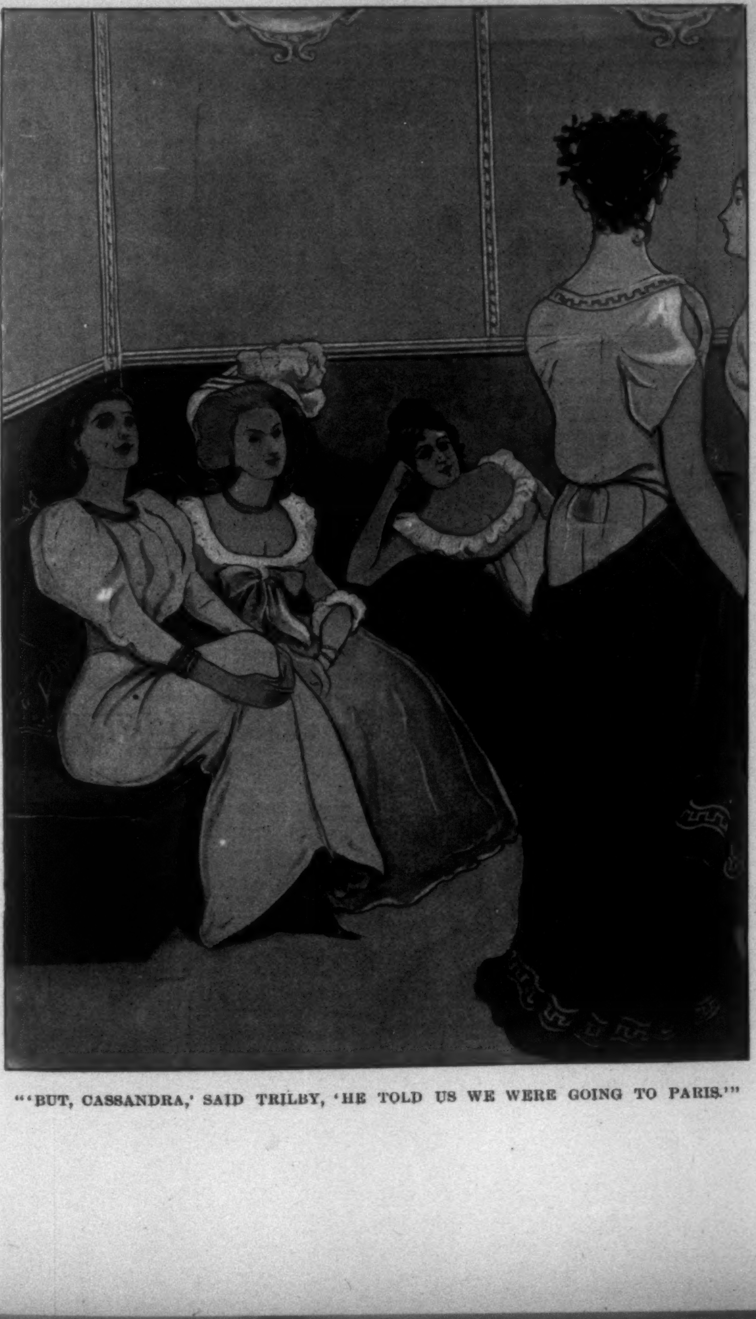
"Yes—and fortunate," said Cassandra. "Had I not done so, a week hence we should, every one of us, have been lost in the surging wickedness of the city of Paris."

"But, Cassandra," said Trilby, who was anxious to return once more to the beautiful city by the Seine, "he told us we were going to Paris."

"Of course he did," said Madame Récamier, "and in so many words. Certainly he was not drawing upon his imagination there."

"And one might be lost in a very much worse place," put in Marguerite de Valois, "if, indeed, it were possible to lose us in Paris at all. I fancy that I know enough about Paris to find my way about."

"Humph!" ejaculated Cassandra. "What a foolish little thing you are! You don't imagine that the Paris of to-day is the Paris of your time, or even the Paris of that sweet child Trilby's time, do you? If you do, you are very much mistaken. I almost wish I had not warned you of your danger and had let you go, just to see those eyes of yours open with amazement at the change. You'd find your Louvre a very different sort of a place from what it used to be, my dear lady. Those pleasing little windows through which your relations were wont in olden times to indulge in target practice at people who didn't go to their church are now kept closed; the galleries which used to swarm with people, many of whom ought to have been hanged, now swarm with pictures, many of which ought not to have been hung; the romance which clung about its walls is as much a part of the dead past as yourselves, and were you to materialize suddenly therein you would find yourselves jostled and hustled and trodden upon by the curious from other lands, with Argus eyes taking in five hundred pictures a minute, and traversing those halls at a rate of speed at which Mercury himself would stand aghast."



"'BUT, CASSANDRA,' SAID TRILBY, 'HE TOLD US WE WERE GOING TO PARIS.'"

"But my beloved Tuileries?" cried Marie Antoinette.

"Has been swallowed up by a play-ground for the people, my dear," said Cassandra, gently. "Paris is no place for us, and it is the intention of these men, in whose hands we are, to take us there and then to desert us. Can you imagine anything worse than ourselves, the phantoms of a glorious romantic past, basely deserted in the streets of a wholly strange, superficial, material city of to-day? What do you think, Elizabeth, would be your fate if, faint and famished, you begged for sustenance at an English door to-day, and when asked your name and profession were to reply, 'Elizabeth, Queen of England'?"

"Insane asylum," said Elizabeth, shortly.

"Precisely. So in Paris with the rest of us," said Cassandra.

"How do you know all this?" asked Trilby, still unconvinced.

"I know it just as you knew how to become a prima donna," said Cassandra. "I am, however, my own Svengali, which is rather preferable to the patent detachable hypnotizer you had. I hypnotize myself, and direct my mind into the future. I was a professional forecaster in the days of ancient Troy, and if my revelations had been heeded the Priam family would, I doubt not, still be doing business at the old stand, and Mr. Æneas would not have grown round-shouldered giving his poor father a picky-back ride on the opening night of the horse show, so graphically depicted by Virgil."

"I never heard about that," said Trilby. "It sounds like a very funny story, though."

"Well, it wasn't so humorous for some as it was for others," said Cassandra, with a sly glance at Helen. "The fact is, until you mentioned it yourself, it never occurred to me that there was much fun in any portion of the Trojan incident, excepting perhaps the delirium tremens of old Laocoon, who got no more than he deserved for stealing my thunder. I had warned Troy against the Greeks, and they all laughed at me, and said my eye to the future was strabismatic; that the Greeks couldn't get into Troy at all, even if they wanted to. And then the Greeks made a great wooden horse as a gift for the Trojans, and when I turned my X-ray gaze upon it I saw that it contained about six brigades of infantry, three artillery regiments, and sharp-shooters by the score. It was a sort of military Noah's Ark; but I knew that the prejudice against me was so strong that nobody would believe what I told them. So I said nothing. My prophecies never came true, they said, failing to observe that my warning as to what would be was in itself the cause of their non-fulfilment. But, desiring to save Troy, I sent for Laocoon and told him all about it, and he went out and announced it as his own private prophecy; and then, having tried to drown his conscience in strong waters, he fell a victim to the usual serpentine hallucination, and everybody said he wasn't sober, and therefore unworthy of belief. The horse was accepted, hauled into the city, and that night orders came from hindquarters to the regiments concealed inside to march. They marched, and next morning Troy had been removed from the map; ninety per cent. of the Trojans died suddenly; and Æneas, grabbing up his family in one hand and his gods in the other, went yachting for several seasons, ultimately settling down in Italy. All of this could have been avoided if the Trojans would have taken the hint from my prophecies. They preferred, however, not to do it, with the result that to-day no one but Helen and myself know even where Troy was, and we'll never tell."

"It is all true," said Helen, proudly. "I was the woman who was at the bottom of it all, and I can testify that Cassandra always told the truth, which is why she was so unpopular. When anything that was unpleasant happened, after it was all over she would turn and say, sweetly, 'I told you so.' She was the original 'I told you so' nuisance, and of course she had the newspapyruses down on her, because she never left them any sensation to spring upon the public. If she had only told a fib once in a while, the public would have had more confidence in her."

"Thank you for your endorsement," said Cassandra, with a nod at Helen. "With such testimony I cannot see how you can refrain from taking my advice in this matter; and I tell you, ladies, that this man Kidd has made his story up out of whole cloth; the men of Hades had no more to do with our being here than we had; they were as much surprised as we are to find us gone. Kidd himself was not aware of our presence, and his object in taking us to Paris is to leave us stranded there, disembodied spirits, vagrant souls with no familiar haunts to haunt, no place to rest, and nothing before us save perpetual exile in a world that would have no sympathy for us in our misfortune, and no belief in our continued existence."

"But what, then, shall we do?" cried Ophelia, wringing her hands in despair.

"It is a terrible problem," said Cleopatra, anxiously;

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2094.

"and yet it does seem as if our woman's instinct ought to show us some way out of our trouble."

"The Committee on Treachery," said Delilah, "has already suggested a chafing-dish party, with Lucretia Borgia in charge of the lobster Newberg."

"That is true," said Lucretia; "but I find, in going through my reticule, that my maid, for some reason unknown to me, has failed to renew my supply of poisons. I shall discharge her on my return home, for she knows that I never go anywhere without them; but that does not help matters at this juncture. The sad fact remains that I could not prepare a single delicacy for these pirates with fatal results."

"You mean immediately fatal, do you not?" suggested Xanthippe. "I could myself prepare a cake which would in time reduce our captors to a state of absolute dependence, but of course the effect is not immediate."

"We might give a musical, and let Trilby sing 'Ben Bolt' to them," suggested Marguerite de Valois, with a giggle.

"Don't be flippant, please," said Portia. "We haven't time to waste on flippant suggestions. Perhaps a court martial of these pirates, supplemented by a yard-arm, wouldn't be a bad thing. I'll prosecute the case."

"You forget that you are dealing with immortal spirits," observed Cleopatra. "If these creatures were mortals, hanging them would be all right, and comparatively easy, considering that we outnumber them ten to one, and have many resources for getting them more or less in our power, but they are not. They have gone through the refining process of dissolution once, and there's an end to that. Our only resource is in the line of deception, and if we cannot deceive them, then we have ceased to be women."

"That is truly said," observed Elizabeth. "And inasmuch as we have already provided ourselves with a suitable committee for the preparation of our plans of a deceptive nature, I move, as the easiest possible solution of the difficulty for the rest of us, that the Committee on Treachery be requested to go at once into executive session, with orders not to come out of it until they have suggested a plausible plan of campaign against our abductors. We must be rid of them. Let the Committee on Treachery say how."

"Second the motion," said Mrs. Noah. "You are a very clear-headed young woman, Lizzie, and your grandmother is proud of you."

The Committee on Treachery were about to protest, but the chair refused to entertain any debate upon the question, which was put and carried with a storm of approval.

Five minutes later a note was handed through the port, addressed to Cleopatra, which read as follows:

"Dear Madam,—Six bells has just struck, and the officers and crew are hungry. Will you and your fair companions co-operate with us in our enterprise by having a hearty meal ready within two hours? A speck has appeared on the horizon which betokens a coming storm, else we should prepare our supper ourselves. As it is, we feel that your safety depends on our remaining on deck. If there is any beer on the ice, we prefer it to tea. Two cases will suffice. Yours, respectfully,

Henry Morgan, Bart., First Mate.

"Hurrah!" cried Cleopatra, as she read this communication. "I have an idea. Tell the Committee on Treachery to appear before the full meeting at once."

The committee was summoned, and Cleopatra announced her plan of operation, and it was unanimously adopted; but what it was we shall have to wait for another chapter to learn.

[to be continued.]

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

That this year's exhibition is one of the best ever given by the society is an opinion very generally expressed. Certainly there is a welcome absence of any prevailing tendency, little or no exploitation of faddism, technical or sentimental, but a healthy variety in aims and methods. The true relation of art to life is well represented, the interest of a human significance belongs to most of the pictures, and the "average sane man" will find his needs anticipated.

One does not grudge the amount of space devoted to portraits and pictures in the nature of portraits, for, apart from the variety of technical excellence displayed, there is in most of them a pictorial quality which gives them an interest independent of portraiture. Compare, for instance, the brilliant decorative quality of J. S. Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady," and its intense, almost cruel, compression of vibrant energy, with the melodious calm and sustained deliberation of T. Eakins's "'Cello-Player"; or the robust assertion of Alfred I. Collins's "Dr. Rainsford" with the tender ideality in type and treatment of "The Violinist" of Wilton Lockwood. Then the very antipodes of style and subject are exhibited in Sergeant Kendall's portrait (35), so vigorous and trenchant, and in the sensitive delicacy of F. Luis Mora's "Phil. Wolfrom." Two charming child portraits are shown by W. M. Chase and Frank W. Benson. The former's "Dieudonnée" is irresistibly fascinating in the mingled force and tenderness, which are felt as much in the coloring as in the quietude yet latent strength of the pensive face. "My Little Girl," by the other artist, is equally subtle, sober yet gracious in color, with a sense of mirth lurking behind the quaint demureness. This brief summary would be incomplete without allusion to the examples of Kenyon Cox, Samuel Isham, and J. W. Alexander, and to Cecilia Beaux's sympathetic conception of "A New England Woman," in which the sweet severity of the type seems to grow out of the purity and orderliness of the surrounding details.

Among the landscapes is a very large proportion of earnest and interesting work. In "The Calm of Evening" W. A. Coffin has spread over a scene, remarkably solid in construction and rich in color, the tender atmosphere of a sky from which the last rose tints are paling. There is no sentimentality here; it is the calm which succeeds to vigorous vitality. Charles A. Platt's Landscape (310) is magnificently composed. A winding stream between pastures and thicket; tree-studded hill and scattered habitations in the middle distance, and beyond a stretch of rolling land. There is a crispness in the air, and from the broken clouds fitful glances of cool sunlight which seem to travel over the scene. "All in a Misty Moonlight," by Ben Foster, has that weird effect of indistinct distinctness seen when the mist that hovers over meadows is made luminous by the moon, and objects loom out, visible enough, but more like phantoms than realities. "Autumn on the Merrimac" is perhaps the most attractive of J. Appleton Brown's three exhibits. The clouds bank out the sun, and across the whitened water passes a cold air that stirs the birch-trees and grass in the foreground. It is a premonitory shiver of winter. "Signs of Spring," by Bruce Crane, to whom the jury have awarded the Webb prize, is a very human picture. The scene is simple enough; a bit of work-a-day world, dormant in winter but now waking to activity in a fresh light, so soft that the not very distant woods are still asleep in the purple haze. The waiting stillness is slightly stirred by the puffs of smoke which creep up from heaps of burning weeds. Man's co-operation with nature is slowly reviving. Delightful in their respective qualities are G. H. Mosler's vigorous "Noonday," Carlton T. Chapman's "October Landscape," E. D. Turcas's "Salt Marshes," R. W. Van Boskerck's landscapes, and Joe Evans's lovingly rendered "Garden in Winchelsea." In the snow scenes, it is the stillness of snow that one feels in Birge Harrison's No. 219; the buoyancy and tonic of winter in R. O. Anthony's "New Rochelle," and its witchery in the "Midwinter Bloom" of Walter L. Palmer; while in the late E. M. Taber's "Mount Mansfield" all these qualities are felt, together with a glorious scene of spaciousness.

A most interesting crescendo of feeling runs through the marines. Exquisite placidity is the note of Alexander Harrison's "Le Grand Miroir"; lusty frolic of the waves in E. Simmons's No. 302; the depth and restlessness of ocean in the "Moonlight off Quissett," by W. Ayerst Ingram; the bluster and scurry of the tide running up against a wind in W. K. M. Rehm's "From the Rocks, Cape Ann"; and finally, in Winslow Homer's No. 120, the majesty of power. Out of a confusion of leaden sea and sky a squall is driving, the water is in tumult with ponderous heaves, there is an explosion of spray, impenetrable yet loose, and the creamy foam is licking its way up the channels in the rocks. It is a wonderful epitome of impressions, and masterful in execution.

There are fewer subject pictures than one would wish, but several are of stirring interest. Albert Herter's "Le Soir" charms alike by its deep and luminous tones and by the simple earnestness of its conception. In a room, dark but for the glow of the fire, are seated a husband and wife in silent reverie. But their thoughts are close together, and one wonders whether the bond between them is a recent loss, or that strange peace which follows upon sorrow shared.

On the other hand, how full of the pride and exultation of life is Edwin A. Abbey's "Pavane." The mingled abandon and stateliness of the dancers, rich coloring of robes and draperies, the sumptuous surroundings and mellow glory of the sky, complete a scene that glows with the full-blooded passionate life of the Renaissance. Joyous in sunshine and color, and delightful in its spontaneity and varied charterization, is Charles C. Curran's "Children on the Sand," while George W. Maynard's "Sport" is instinct with vivacity and movement. This picture, representing mermaids chasing fish in the trough of a wave, has been bought with the Shaw fund. What an admirable contrast in movement between the heavy slide of the wave, the slipping through it of the supple forms, and the scurry of startled fish! George R. Barse's "Surprise" is an important composition of nude figures, remarkably pure in type and tenderly treated. Charmingly imaginative is the "Sabrina" of Miss E. I. Brown, suggested by a passage in Milton's "Comus." The girlish figure in garments of trailing mist is spiritual without being spectral, human yet purged of all mortal dross. Most earnest in conception is "Joseph asking Shelter for Mary," by Guy Rose. Sunlight lingering on the hill-tops, gloom in the valley, and firelight streaming from a cottage door, Joseph eager, Mary intent upon her child; these are the main points in a picture which, if not particularly spiritual, is certainly most human. Hard by is Winslow Homer's magnificent "Lookout," nobly composed and marvellous in its rendering of various textures. It is utterly untheatrical, though dramatic enough, with the simple directness that belongs to sea and seamen. Only a steel-blue sky, a glimpse of restful ocean, cordage and bell, and a bronzed face; but each has its separate and essential value, and in the harmonious union of them there is a force which compels one's admiration and retains it.

Charles Caffin.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

It has not been suggested that any better man could have been found to represent this country at Berlin than Dr. Andrew D. White. If there is any fault to find with the appointment, it is that if Dr. White returns to the public service he ought to have a higher place than he ever held before, since his services have been very valuable of late, and he deserves promotion. To a certain degree his new appointment is a promotion. He has been our diplomatic representative in Berlin before, but as minister, not as ambassador, and the ambassadorship, which President McKinley has at this writing announced his purpose to offer him, is a somewhat more exalted place.

Dr. White has been too continuously before the public to require a new introduction every time a new field of usefulness is opened to him. He is one of the best equipped and most conscientious citizens we have. He was born in Homer, Cortland County, New York, in 1832. Everybody knows that he was a member of the noted Yale class of '53. After graduating he spent three years in study abroad, and for part of the time was attached to the American legation at St. Petersburg. From 1857 to 1862 he was Professor of History at Ann Arbor. Then, in war-times, he spent six months abroad, preaching Northern doctrines in Europe. Returning, he served two terms in the State Senate of New York, devoting himself especially to securing a grant from the State for the university about to be founded at Ithaca. The grant was secured, the university was founded, and he became its first President. While still President of Cornell University, in 1871, he was one of the commissioners whom President Grant sent to San Domingo. In 1879, by appointment of President Hayes, he succeeded Bayard Taylor as minister to Berlin, where he staid two years. He resigned the Presidency of Cornell in 1885, but continued his interest in the university, and gave to it an endowment-fund of $100,000 and a historical library of about equal value. In 1887 he declined an appointment from President Cleveland to the Inter-State Commerce Commission. In 1892 he succeeded Editor Charles Emory Smith as minister to Russia, where he staid two years. Early last year, by appointment of President Cleveland, he became a member of the Venezuela Boundary Commission, and helped in most important measure to restore the equanimity of a great multitude of Americans who feared their country was about to be dragged into a deplorable and unnecessary war.

General William F. Draper, the new ambassador to Italy, is a native of Massachusetts, where he was born, in Lowell, in 1842. He went to the war at nineteen, served through it, and came out a brevet brigadier-general. He was a good soldier, and was severely wounded in the Wilderness and again at Pegram's Farm. After the war he joined his father in the manufacture of cotton machinery at Hopedale, Massachusetts, and since his father's death, in 1887, has been the head of the firm of George Draper & Sons. In 1876 he was a delegate to the Republican convention at Cincinnati. In 1890 he was chosen president of the Home Market Club in Boston. In 1888 he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated by Governor Ames. His first experience of public office was as member of the Fifty-third Congress. In that and the succeeding Congress he did important work. As chairman of the Committee on Patents he steered through Congress the bill for revision of patent laws and the bill to protect the copyright of theatrical productions. As a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee his course was conservative, and in the first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress he opposed recognition of the belligerency of Cuba, and made a speech against it in the House. Ever since he began work in a cotton-mill at sixteen (except, perhaps, during the war) General Draper has been closely interested in machinery. He is himself an inventor and an authority on the machinery of cotton-mills.

EVENTS IN CRETE.

The intense interest with which Americans are inclined to look upon such a struggle as has been precipitated between Greece and the rest of Europe in Crete is stimulated by the baffling nature of the situation there, and the difficulty of obtaining accurate facts upon which to base any judgment of the merits of the conflict. The island is about the size of Cuba, and is for the most part mountainous, while the coast is everywhere abrupt, and deeply indented with bays and inlets. Upon each of these, since prehistoric times, towns have existed, some of which are now seaports of commercial importance. It is in these seaports for the most part that the Turks live, busy in trade and commerce; while the interior, agricultural population mainly consists of the native Cretans, who are in reality Greeks—perhaps the truest Greeks of all—for Mount Ida was the fabled home of Zeus himself, and tourists visit his grave in a little cave near Canea. Thus a trade and social as well as a religious distinction has emphasized the natural enmity between the natives and their foreign conquerors, and it is no wonder that continual fighting has resulted. The period of raids upon villages, massacre, and destruction has been put an end to by the investment of the island by the fleets of the powers; but their influence really reaches no further than the range of their guns; and all of the island, except its sea-cliffs, is held by the Cretans and the few Greek soldiers sent to their aid. These are commanded by Colonel Vassos, who is a capable soldier, and has his enthusiastic patriots under excellent discipline. They now number about 10,000 men, well armed and supplied with ammunition, and having ample provisions for six months, by which time their large and carefully tended flocks of sheep and goats will have increased rather than diminished, and harvests will be ready to be gathered. On the other hand, the Mohammedans, who have been forced to flee to the sea-coast towns, are threatened with starvation, for food is exceedingly scarce and dear in the towns, and no means are left for supplying country produce. The narrow space between the Turkish defences and Cretan lines was long ago left a burned and bloody desolation. Colonel Vassos has orders to stay in Crete until the last moment, and is confident he can hold out indefinitely. He says that his 10,000 native soldiers are worth 50,000 strange troops, for they are acclimated, used to the ways and fare of the region, are befriended by the inhabitants, and familiar with every hill-pass, ravine, and path on the island; moreover, they are animated by an invincible enthusiasm and sense of right. This personal stake in the fight does not animate the Turkish soldiers, who fight because compelled to, and in the rage of fanaticism; while many of them know and confess that they would really be far better off under the government of Greece.

Mr. Bert Underwood, whose photographs of the uprising, including that of Colonel Vassos in his headquarters near Canea, are shown in this number, made the trip to Crete for the purpose, passing the Turkish outposts and penetrating the insurgent lines at great risk. His only passport was a photograph of the family of Colonel Vassos, taken in Athens previous to his departure.

THE FRENCH PLAY AT HARVARD.

Le Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard, which has been an institution among the students at Cambridge for the past eleven years, gave its eleventh series of annual dramatic performances last week—in Cambridge on March 29, in Boston on March 31, repeating its performance in Cambridge on April 3. The play this year is Molière's *Bourgeois-gentilhomme*. Of the ten previous annual series, seven have been devoted to Molière—*Les Précieuses Ridicules*, *Le Mariage Forcé*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, and a previous performance of this year's play. This is a remarkable record. As a usual thing, students, when they give a play in a foreign tongue, confine themselves to selections of the lightest kind. For English-speaking students to give a Molière comedy in French is very much as if a club of Frenchmen at a French university should essay Shakespeare's dramas in English.

But this is in accord with the serious purpose of Le Cercle Français, which was organized in 1886, to foster interest in French art, history, language, and literature. Its bimonthly meetings are addressed by university professors and other authorities on French subjects. To become members, students must either be advanced in French or have done the club some signal service. The club has the reputation of having more true dramatic and artistic merit than any other club at Harvard. Literary and dramatic ability is the chief qualification for membership, while social position and influence and athletic standing are the main considerations in other clubs. It should be said that there is at the university a new class of clubs, similar in character, which have become strong factors in Harvard's intellectual and moral life. Le Cercle Français has a large reserve fund, and has plans for an extension of its scope and influence.

THE WILD CRAB.

When the first season's fruitage was ended—
In the glory of primeval Fall—
The Crab-tree complained that its apples
Were the smallest and sourest of all.

But behold, when the flowers of the Spring-time
Returned at the Robin's first call,
The Crab-tree was glad, for its blossoms
Were the fairest and sweetest of all.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE DINNER TO MR. STODDARD.

Something, but not enough, was said in the Weekly last week about the Authors' Club dinner, given on March 25 at the Hotel Savoy, to Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet. No dinner which was quite the fellow of this dinner in its instigating considerations was ever before given in New York. Dinners in considerable quantity have been given to foreign writers who had landed here, and even to American men of letters on special occasions, as for distinctions achieved outside of their profession, appointments to foreign missions, and the like, or because they were leaving the country, or for something else. But the dinner to Mr. Stoddard was a recognition of a poet, as a poet, by his brethren. It was rendered, as Mr. Stedman said, "to the most distinguished poet of his country and generation, still remaining with us, and still in full voice; to the man who best preserves for us in his living presence the traditions of all that an English-speaking poet and book-fellow should be to constitute a satisfying type."

Mr. E. C. Stedman was the actuating and presiding spirit of the evening. It was he who made the chief speech in honor of the guest whose health he proposed, and he who got a vote of vociferous thanks from the diners just before the company broke up. About a hundred and fifty men, more or less intimately associated with the profession of letters, sat under him as he told about what Mr. Stoddard had done and what manner of man he was. He followed him from the time when his early poetry was refused by Poe because it was too good to be the work of an obscure stripling, over the digression of his apprenticeship at iron-moulding, and down through fifty years of continuous and successful literary labor. Mr. Stedman was exceedingly felicitous in his speech, into which he ran a full freight of laurels, affection, biography, and reminiscence, and kept out everything that was tiresome or that wouldn't work. Even Mr. Stoddard himself must have liked it, and certainly Mrs. Stoddard did, for she sat in a balcony box and heard it all.

Mr. Stedman bragged that he had known Mr. Stoddard, and indeed had competed with him in the production and disposition of poetry (though he did not expressly assert that) for thirty-seven years. Later in the evening he disclosed that Mr. Parke Godwin had known him even longer than that, and had been the editor of *Putnam's Magazine* when Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, and Boker had contributed to it their earlier poems. Mr. Godwin admitted it, and told about the famous authors of the century, nearly all of whom he had known. If the spirit of the dinner had not already been perfectly genial and easy, Judge Howland would have made it so by the stories he told of *ante bellum* flow of soul at Pfaff's when Aldrich, Winter, and "Hans Breitmann" were still in New York, and could still drink beer, as could Mr. Stoddard also, and they did, and talked freely over it, to the actual knowledge of Judge Howland, who was there. There were divers other good speeches, Mr. Hutton's in particular, and letters of regret were read from Alphonse Daudet, "Ik Marvel," Maarten Maartens, Dobson, Gosse, and a score of others, and tributary poems from James Whitcomb Riley and Miss Edith Thomas. The dinner is a fortnight past now, but much of it remains and will remain, the most lasting relic of it being this poem, which Mr. Stoddard read by way of reply after his health, proposed by Mr. Stedman, had been drunk:

A CURTAIN CALL.

Gentlemen: If I have any right
To come before you here to-night
It is conferred on me by you,
And more for what I tried to do
Than anything that I have done.
A start, perhaps, a race not won!
But 'tis not wholly lost, I see,
For you, at least, believe in me.
Comrades, nay, fellows, let me say,
Since life at most is but a play,
And we are players, one and all,
And this is but a curtain call,
If I were merely player here,
And this assumption of his part,
I might pretend to drop a tear,
And lay my hand upon my heart
And say I could not speak, because
I felt so deeply your applause!
I cannot do this, if I would;
I can but thank you, as I should,
And take the honors you bestow—
A largess, not a lawful claim;
My share thereof is small, I know,
But from your hands to-night is fame—
A precious crown in these pert days
Of purchased or of self-made bays!
You give it—I receive it, then,
Though rather for your sake than mine.
A long and honorable line
Is yours—the Peerage of the Pen,
Founded when this old world was young,
And need was to preserve for men
(Lost else) what had been said and sung,
Tales our forgotten fathers told,
Dimly remembered from of old,
Sonorous canticles and prayers,
Service of elder gods than theirs
Which they knew not: the epic strain
Wherein dead peoples lived again!
A long, unbroken line is ours;
It has outlived whole lines of kings,
Seen mighty empires rise and fall,
And nations pass away like flowers—
Ruin and darkness cover all!
Nothing withstands the stress and strain,
The endless ebb and flow of things,
The rush of Time's resistless wings!
Nothing? One thing, and not in vain,
One thing remains: Letters remain!
Your art and mine, yours more than mine,
Good fellows of the lettered line,
To whom I owe this Curtain Call,
I thank you all, I greet you all.
Noblesse oblige! But while I may,
Another word, my last, may be:
When this life-play of mine is ended,
And the black curtain has descended,
Think kindly as you can of me,
And say, for you may truly say,
"This dead player, living, loved his part,
And made it noble as he could,
Not for his own poor personal good,
But for the glory of his art!"

ILL-TEMPERED BABIES are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.—[*Adv.*]

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

You're imposing on a long-suffering digestion. Let Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters come to the rescue. At druggists' and dealers'.—[*Adv.*]

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[*A copy of this pamphlet by mail, free, on application to Hall & Ruckel, New York.*]

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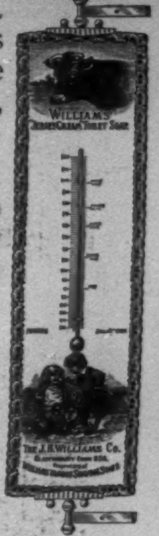

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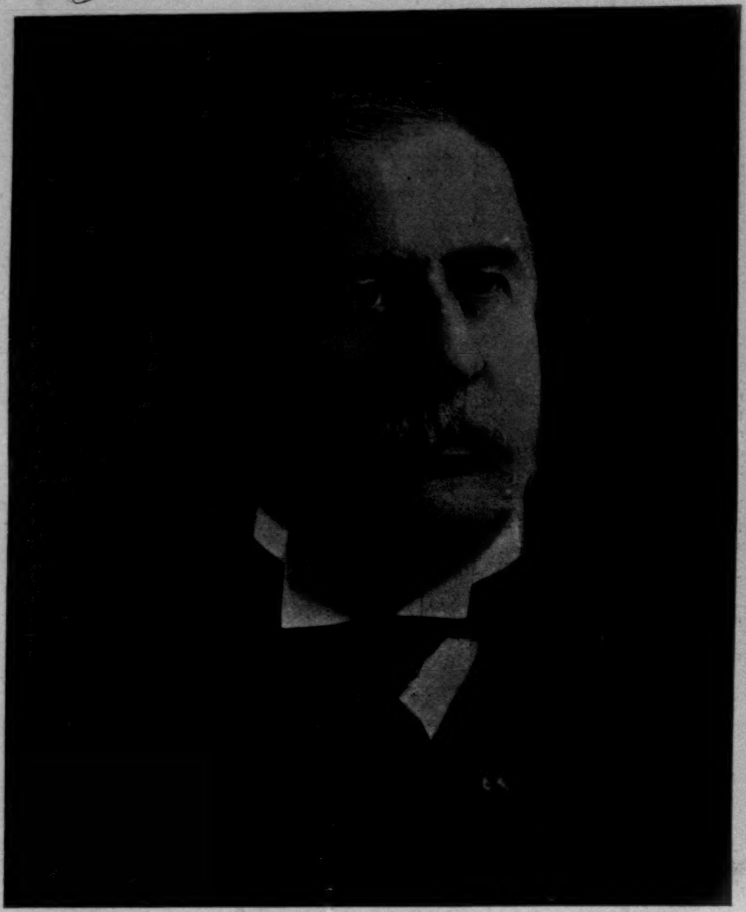
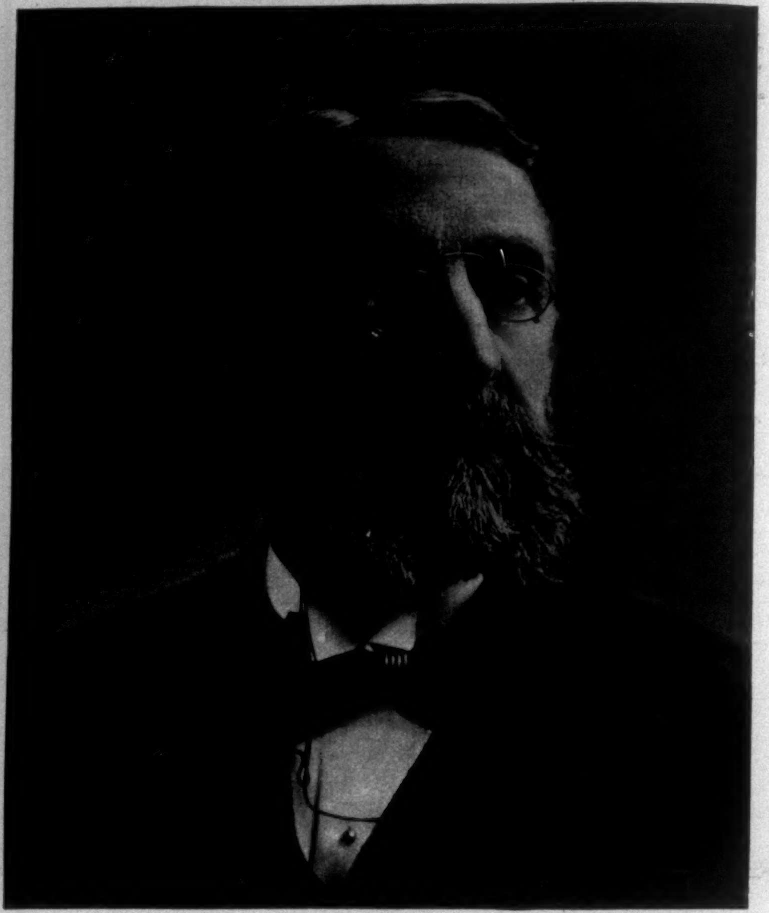
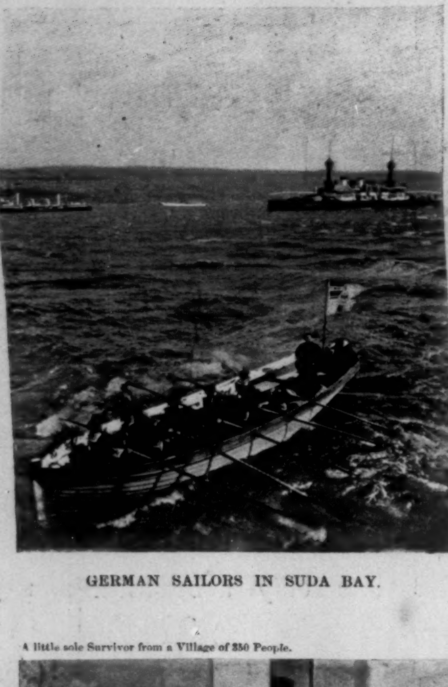


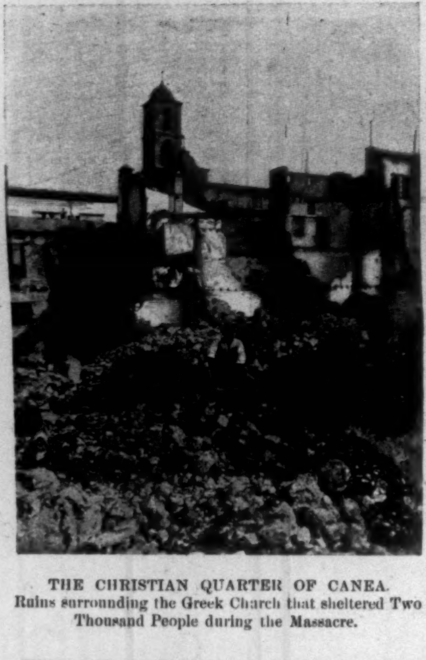
GENERAL WILLIAM F. DRAPER,
Ambassador to Italy.—[See Page 370.]



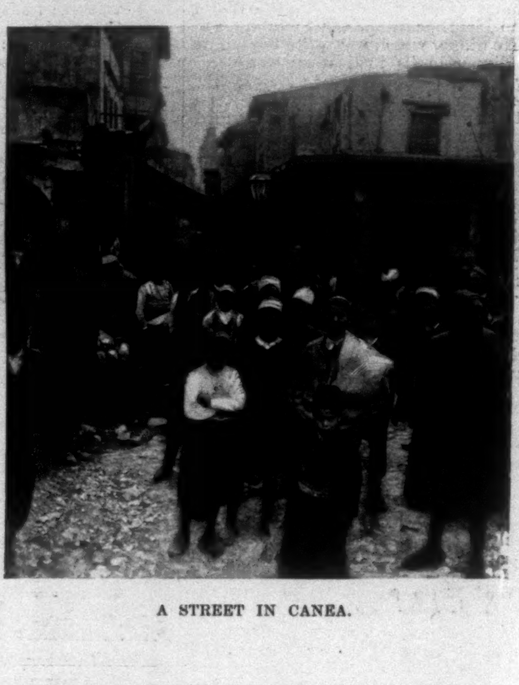
ANDREW D. WHITE,
Ambassador to Germany.—From a Photograph by Bell.—[See Page 370.]



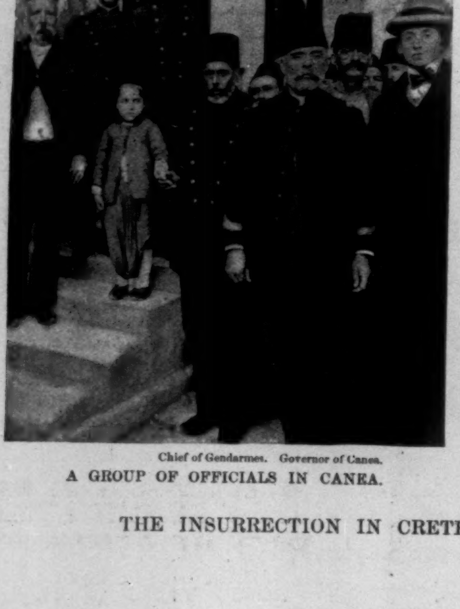
GERMAN SAILORS IN SUDA BAY.



THE CHRISTIAN QUARTER OF CANEA.
Ruins surrounding the Greek Church that sheltered Two Thousand People during the Massacre.

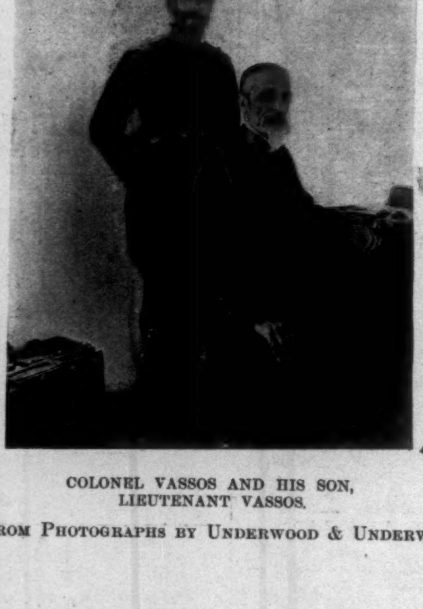


A STREET IN CANEA.

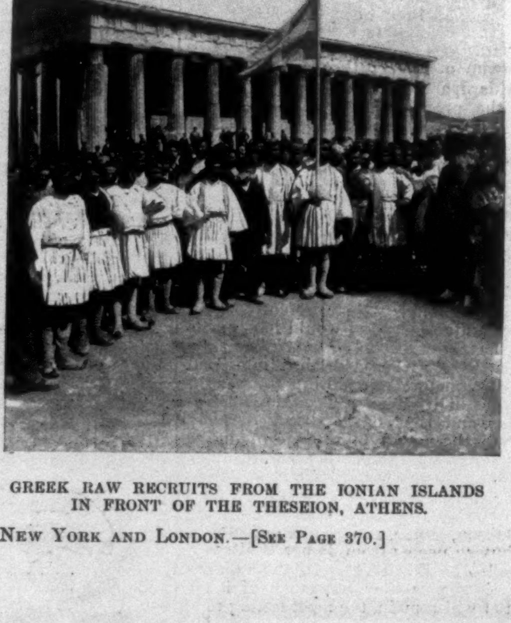


A little sole Survivor from a Village of 350 People.
Chief of Gendarmes.
Governor of Canea.

A GROUP OF OFFICIALS IN CANEA.



COLONEL VASSOS AND HIS SON,
LIEUTENANT VASSOS.



GREEK RAW RECRUITS FROM THE IONIAN ISLANDS
IN FRONT OF THE THESEION, ATHENS.

THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK AND LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

AMATEUR SPORT

THE GOLFING PILGRIM.

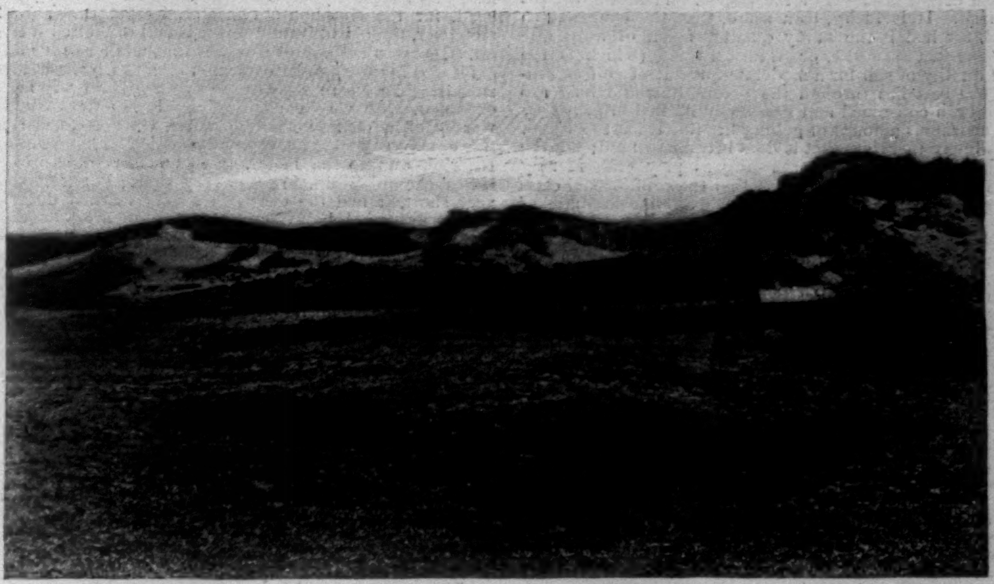
BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

Sweet saint, whose spirit haunts the course
  And broods o'er every hole,
Who lends the driver vital force
  And calms the putter's soul,

Thou giv'st me, to my life's last hour,
  A golfer's fame divine;
I boast thy gift, a driver's power,
  If I can putt 'tis thine.

There is no doubt about this saint, nor about the home of his brooding. St. Andrew, on the links to which he lends his name, is the gentleman referred to; and if he does not give a deal of fame to all to whom he lends the driver's vital force and the rest of it, he is, at all events, made very famous by the grand course of which he is the *genius loci*. During the recent boom of golf, golfers, and golf links many new courses have been discovered and laid out; and now and again, of some peculiarly excellent one, the phrase has been spoken, "As good as St. Andrews, by Jove!"

It was the highest meed of praise that could be given, and in itself evidence to the surpassing quality of the classic green. And when these new courses of which this great thing was said were in process of making or had lately been completed, the golfing mind was for a while in a state of some perplexity. It was not quite sure, now and again, whether the phrase was not, perchance, a just criticism. It sat, as it were, in suspended judgment, as over the literary work of some contemporary or the achievements of a living statesman. It did not quite know how to class them. But now that our little Britain is fairly begirt with golf links, and that they have been for a while established, we are able to reckon up their qualities with a just and unimpassioned mind; and the result of this mature criticism is to show that though many of these newer links are indeed very good, the phrase was never quite justified of any of them. None of them, after all, is quite as good as St. Andrews.



CARDINAL'S HAT BUNKER, PRESTWICK LINKS.

HIMALAYAS, PRESTWICK LINKS.

That is the verdict on which the sense of the golfing world is substantially agreed. To reckon up in detail the qualities which go to make up this unique excellence is another and more difficult—it may even be an impossible—matter. But the method of comparison is very much in vogue at the present day, and we will even make the attempt, though it may be that it is foredoomed to failure; for it is reasonable to hope that some points of relative merit will appear in the process, and these may be of most useful service for the proper appreciation and possibly, also, for the proper laying out of later discovered courses.

It has been said very often that the great merit of the St. Andrews course lies in the correctness of its distances. The holes were so laid out that it needed, generally speaking, two good drives, or three good drives, as the case might be, of a first-class player to reach them. If any one of these drives was not correctly hit, the loss of distance could not be made up in the next shot, so as to put the player on the green in the same number of strokes as his opponent who had hit both shots perfectly. In point of its distances the St. Andrews golf links used to be very perfect, and of course in point of absolute distances it is in the same condition to-day. These distances have not altered according to the measurements of the geographer, but they have altered, for all that, relatively to the golfer.

The course has become harder and keener than it used to be—harder and keener than it is possible for any one to believe who has not had some experience of it—and the natural consequence is that the ball runs, after it has pitched, as if it were in fear for its life; the distances, from the golfing point of view, are virtually shorter; it is now possible for a player to retrieve a bad shot whereas formerly it was not possible. So St. Andrews has lost

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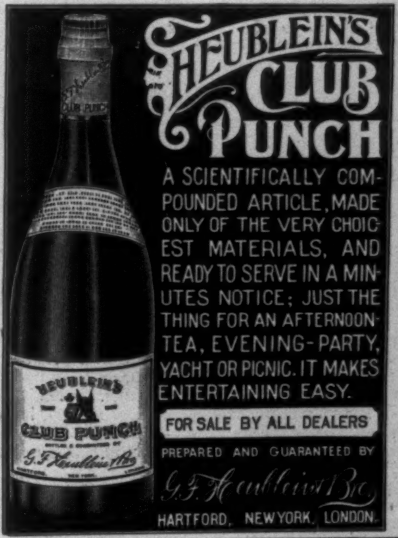

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that great merit of its old classic course (for the moment we are saying nothing of the new); nevertheless that course has not lost its pride of place. It still remains the best golf links in the world. We must seek its merits therefore elsewhere; and certainly we shall not find them in the actual hardness of the course. That is a distinct demerit. It is lucky, in a sense, that the course is so hard, for had it the sandy quality of soil of links like Prestwick, Carnoustie, or Westward Ho (which is the best quality of soil for a moderate amount of golf, affording the best lies through the green), it would long ago have been consumed and hopelessly hacked to pieces by the enormous amount of golfing life that it has to sustain. It is lucky therefore that it does become so hard; but the bricklike surface is not amusing to play off. It may be observed in this connection that the professional class seems much less bothered by this excessive hardness of soil than the amateurs. The latter class never does well in the open championship at St. Andrews. On the two occasions that the open event has been gained by an amateur the arena has been links of a very soft sandy nature. Thus Mr. Ball won at Prestwick, and Mr. Hilton at Muirfield. Both are courses of very sandy soil, and the latter had been only lately opened, and consequently was very soft.

It is not to be understood that the soil of St. Andrews is not sandy in the sense of not being the result of alluvial deposit. It is sandy, formed, beyond question, by the siltings of the river Eden, as all the best golf links are formed by the siltings at the estuary of a river, only it is not so sandy and soft as certain others of our sea-side links. If a wise golfer were prospecting a new country to discover available golfing-land, the first thing he would look out for would be sand hills, and if anywhere among those sand hills he found a river flowing out into the sea, he would begin his closer prospection with greatly better heart, for he would know that he was, at all events, in the presence of the ultimate factors of the best links ground.

All these factors of course we find at St. Andrews, but we find them often elsewhere—at Prestwick, Carnoustie, Sandwich, Hoylake, Westward Ho; everywhere, in fact, we find a first-class golf links—so that we must look a bit further to find the peculiar merit of St. Andrews. There is little doubt in the writer's mind that this peculiar merit lies in the fact that its putting-greens are so very good when you get to them, and that they are so well guarded by hazards—that is to say, are so difficult to get at. This difficulty makes each stroke a stroke of interest. It is equally true of the strokes from the tee that in most cases you have a definite course to steer, a definite hazard to avoid.

The character of the Sandwich course is that it is a course of magnificent "carries." Every shot from the tee has to carry a great bunker. This is very attractive, and we think St. Andrews would gain in interest if there were more "carries" there. But, on the other hand, there can be no question of the gain that Sandwich would reap if it had a few of the dangerous side hazards of St. Andrews. Too often, at the English green, so long as you hit hard and high, the direction signifies little. The lies through the green are none too good either at St. Andrews or at Sandwich, nor again at Hoylake. At Prestwick they are good; but for the best quality of golf in this particular one has to go to another English links—Westward Ho. Westward Ho is the first real links on which golf was played in England. Previously Scotsmen had played such golf as was possible on the common at Blackheath, and in the neighborhood of Manchester; but the first sandy sea-side links laid out for golf in England was this common, called the Northern Burrows, close by the watering-place which took its name from Charles Kingsley's jolly book. There the lies through the green are so perfect that a man finds himself with a perpetually teed ball, and has no need whatever of a brassey. Both at Sandwich and at Westward Ho the greens are finely guarded by hazards; but neither quite equals St. Andrews in this quality, and at neither of the English links do the greens, when reached, compare with the St. Andrews ones. A while ago one would have claimed for an English green—namely, Hoylake—the best greens in the golfing world; but their glory, unhappily, is past. Of course we trust it may be only a temporary lapse; but in the mean time we know none to vie with St. Andrews. The Prestwick greens are fine, and the whole character of the golf on this western course is of the highest quality. It has good, bold bunkers—a mighty range of sand hills intersecting the course is well worthy its awesome name of Himalayas—its lies are excellent, its greens are good, and the whole surface freely undulating; but when all is said, it does not charm the golfing fancy with the attraction that St. Andrews exercises.

These beautiful putting-greens of St. Andrews are a lesson to the golfing world. About ten years ago they were anything but good. Then the Green Committee sunk a well at each hole and made them what they are—the biggest and truest ever seen. If only Hoylake will do likewise, its putting-greens may yet return to their former beauty.

But St. Andrews has now got two courses, and that gives her a further advantage over her rivals; for when the old course becomes too golf-worn she can close it for a while and make the world play on the new course. The new course is good; but golfers are conservative, and love to dig in the bunkers where their fathers swore and labored.

It has been said often enough that it seems a necessary condition of a first-class golf course that it should be terribly difficult of access. St. Andrews has been put much nearer the world by the Forth Bridge, which improves its access from Edinburgh, and by the Tay Bridge, which reduces one's sufferings in reaching it from the north. Formerly one used to suffer terribly in those ferry-boats which plied across the great estuaries. But nowadays when we reach St. Andrews our sufferings are worse. In the months of August and September, when we have to wait while six or seven couples play out the short hole, we greatly regret those ferry-boats, in which there was a chance of drowning golfers. Golf has become too popular to be pleasant at these great resorts.

For pleasure one has to seek a medium. Macrihanish is said to be a very fine links; and "Old Tom" Morris came back from South Uist saying that there he had seen the best golf links in the world. It was perfectly safe saying, for the only three people who had ever been to South Uist were not in St. Andrews to contradict him. But a golf links, however good, is no use by itself, for you want some golfers to play with, and you want a roof over your head when you are not golfing. Now St. Andrews supplies you with a very good roof over your head, for the club-house fulfils all its purposes; and, moreover, the old university town is full of storied interest. Its ruins are almost uniquely fine, while as for golfers it errs in the opposite extreme to South Uist and Macrihanish. At North Berwick the course has lately been extended, with very good results. It is now a course worthy of a championship meeting, whereas formerly, if we may say so with abject apologies both to North Berwick and to the ladies, it was rather worthy of a ladies' championship. It was very short; but if it was very short, it had the merit, in a very marked degree, of well-guarded holes; and the consequence was that every man who learned his golf at North Berwick is a master of the pitching-mashie. North Berwick is a pleasant place to stay at, with less of historical interest than St. Andrews, but with a prettier seascape. Its club is less satisfactory, and its links are perhaps equally crowded; but then there are compensations, like that which St. Andrews enjoys in its alternative course. There is an alternative course at North Berwick, but it is not greatly patronized. Within an easy drive or bicycle-ride, however, there is a nice selection of courses—Gullane, Muirfield, Luffness, and Archerfield are all easily accessible, and a game on any one of them makes a pleasant change. At Prestwick, similarly, you may make a change by playing on the neighbor links of Troon. It is possible to play the first nine holes of Prestwick, walk the half-mile or so which separates the Troon and Prestwick courses, then play the last nine holes of Troon, lunch at the Troon Club House, then play the first nine holes of Troon, walk the intervening half-mile again, then play the Prestwick last half—and so you are at home again. But Prestwick has not the good accommodation of St. Andrews and North Berwick. You will generally need to live in Ayr, and come out by the train—a journey of a few minutes only.

In selecting a golf links for your pleasure this question of accommodation is a large factor. At St. Andrews, and maybe at North Berwick, you have golf at the doors of your hotel; occasionally an errant ball will invade your area. At Carnoustie you may lodge virtually on the first tee; and so, too, at Hoylake. There are few of our English links that are so favored. Both at Westward Ho and Sandwich you have a little walk or (preferably) drive to and from your work. But Littlestone is a good links, though in an unbeautiful country, namely, the Weald of Kent, where an iron shot from the last hole may break a window-pane. Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, has an excellent little course, but from your hotel you have to cross in a row-boat a small arm of the sea to reach it. All these details of access are minor troubles, no doubt, but they make a certain difference to your comfort. In the Channel Islands and on the Continent you are always a little distance from your golf, unless indeed you go and live in the Hôtel de Panorama which is fairly on the links of St. Briac, where the Dinard Golf Club plays. But from Dinard itself you have to drive out several kilometres. The links, when you reach them, are worth all the trouble, of the proper sandy sort, erring a little on the side of being too sandy, but giving you beautiful seascapes of the bold Brittany coast. At Pau and Biarritz you have a drive of something like a mile from your hotel; a little over a mile maybe in the former case and a little under in the latter. Both these are, from a golfing point of view, inland courses, with a loamy or clayey rather than a sandy soil. The soil of Pau is actually the lighter of the two, though it is many miles from the sea, whereas Biarritz is thundered on by all the billows of the Atlantic. But the golf course is high up above sea-level; certainly no product of alluvial deposit. At Pau, on the other hand, there are evidences that the river Gave at one time overran all the plain of Billères on which men play golf to-day, and in times of flood it partially overspreads them even now. At Jersey a quarter of an hour in the train takes you from St. Helier's to the club-house, and at Guernsey you reach the links by a service of tram-car and diligence. There is no mistake, however, about these two Channel Island courses; both are of the right sandy kind and give good golf.

Who that has tried the change does not know the delight of leaving an inland course, which bakes to a brick in the summer and becomes a morass in winter, for a sea-side links, where the turf is always springy under the foot in the driest weather, and, no matter how it rains, you can go out in patent-leather boots and return dry-foot as soon as it stops. Your ball never gets clogged and coated with black mud; the green is never mountainous with worm-casts; all is so clean that you might eat your dinner off it. A number of us are compelled to take most of our golf in the neighborhood of London, inevitably on courses of the inland quality. We get good fun out of it, no doubt, and keep our hands in practice, but know quite well all the time that it is not the real thing. But how infinitely better than no golf at all! And to what delightful places in the neighborhood of our smoky metropolis are we thus taken, which otherwise we probably should not visit at all—Wimbledon Common, with its charming ravines and extended landscape; Charleywood, undulating and breezy; Richmond Park, with its sylvan and purely English loveliness; and Mitcham Common, of less varied beauty, but perhaps the best golf, and certainly the handiest of them all! Or, further afield, there are the courses of Woking and Byfleet and Guildford, all in the midst of the loveliest surroundings; and at each of these, even, it is easy to have two full rounds, and more, between breakfast and dinner in town. There are hosts of others, which it is perhaps invidious to leave unnamed; but the name of golf courses and golfers is legion.

We had almost forgotten to speak of Portrush and Newcastle links and Dollymount, all in Ireland. Certainly it would have been another flagrant injustice to Ireland to have omitted them, for they put themselves into the first class of golf links by their own golfing merit, and one can nowhere find golf in more beautiful surroundings. At Portrush, sixty miles north of Belfast, you lodge on the shores of the Irish Channel, and are close beside your golf, which leads you out towards the enchanted land of the Giant's Causeway, and the Bushmills, where they make the whiskey.

The charm of visiting one of these golf-grounds where the soil is of the real sandy quality is greatly increased by finding the game so very much more easy. The grass of the links turf curls round into itself again in such a way that the ball is generally found lying *on* the grass—above it. On the pastoral ground of our inland courses we find our ball lying *in* the grass, among the blades, with many of them interposed between the ball and the club's face. It is quite obvious how much more difficult is the latter lie. And, again, nothing is so potent as a means of making one recognize the great part played by earthworms (as insisted on at length by Darwin) in modifying the surface of the ground as a course of golf on inland greens. The horrid little heaps of sticky earth that the worms throw up seem ubiquitous, and, insignificant as they look, can give you as bad a lie as you can find in the Sandwich "Hades," the Musselburgh "Pandy" (a euphonism for pandemonium), or the St. Andrews bunker crudely and briefly named "Hell." There seems a virtual tautology in these infernal titles for the worst bunkers that the respective links can afford, but many golf links have their especial hazards. Where will you find but at Westward Ho those great clumps of rushes, like bundles of assegais, tall as a man's head? And, apart from their hazards, the difference that has been noted in the nature of soils means that a slightly different stroke has to be played, especially in the iron approaches, on the different courses. Where the ground is very hard, as often at Musselburgh and St. Andrews, and always in summer on the inland greens, the iron will not go down into the turf as kindly as in the softer soils. It is necessary to hit the ball more cleanly, to avoid scrupulously taking even half an inch of turf behind the ball; and on visiting a strange green this is one of the first qualities of difference with which the stranger has to become familiar before he can hope to play on it what he is pleased to call his game. It is necessary for him to study, too, the way in which the ball runs when it pitches; for besides the very obvious fact that the ball runs further after a pitch on hard than on soft ground, there is a more subtle difference in the way in which different soils take the "cut" which every player—though the novice perhaps involuntarily rather than of conscious intent—puts on the ball when playing an approach stroke with the iron or mashie. And, finally, it is necessary for him "to get into the strength of the putting-greens," as the phrase goes. All these little differences add to one's pleasure, as they add to the variety of the game, in visiting different courses; and while there are some few golfers who seem to play equally well on every course, there are not a few golfers who are comparatively useless when playing off their own green.

And there exist also differences more subtle, which no study of the soil can explain to us—differences in the golfing traditions, so to call them, of our various links, so that on one we are almost obliged, despite ourselves, to *play at*, rather than to *play*, golf, so gravely has the game fallen from its best estate, while at another the very atmosphere is charged with all the stately manner of the old Scottish school, and we take our part in the solemn pageant as if to the manner born. Unquestionably it is every golfer's duty to go once at least to St. Andrews at the meeting-time, to hear the gun fired, while, before expectant multitudes, the captain hits off the first ball, formally opening the medal competition and gaining for himself the medal which was Queen Adelaide's gracious gift. The expectant caddies rush to catch the ball, which they will sell to the highest bidder (eighteen pence will very likely buy it); and forthwith the captain hits off another ball, and plays along on his round with it, to see if, together with the medal of Queen Adelaide, he can gain also the medal given by King William IV. It is all very royal; and then, in the evening, the ceremonial at the dinner, when the medal-winners are invested with their honors, is very ancient. You begin to see that you have in golf a link with a very remote past; that you are reviving manners and customs that are gone. St. Andrews presents golf to you in this aspect most perfectly of all, though others (and notably the famous old club at Blackheath) preserve something of the same spirit. The course that you should visit in order to make experiment of the opposite extreme—of that game which is to golf as "bumble-puppy" is to whist—had better be left unnamed. The selection would be invidious and tend to unpopularity; and the selection would be very difficult, for such courses are numerous. And you may please yourself as to which class of golfers you will stand in rank with. Of course, between the two extremes is an infinitely varying series of clubs which have more of the one spirit or of the other. As a rule, the ancient tradition is carried to the better links, and it is on those courses where one golfs with difficulty that the stately amenities are most disregarded, as well as the simple rules.

The best of golf is confined to the sea-side, but not necessarily the most beautiful. The visitor to our lake country, in the neighborhood of Windermere, may find golf grounds that give as lovely views as Prestwick, which has all the beauties of the Clyde estuary for its surroundings, or Nairn, on the shores of the Moray Firth. The last-named, its latitude considered, has a winter climate of extraordinary mildness; and, indeed, throughout Scotland the actual winter is far less abominable than it is represented. At Prestwick and all the western greens the climate is mild enough, and on the east its keenness is tempered by its bracing dryness. But it is when the winter is turning into spring, with cold boisterous winds, and goodness only knows what visitations in the shape of snow or sleet or hail, that you may well wish yourself elsewhere—say on the milder shore of Westward Ho, or the yet softer air of the Isle of Wight or the Channel Islands. Pau, Biarritz, or Cannes is perhaps preferable at these seasons; but your Scottish autumn and summer are perfect, with just that leaven of occasional evil days that makes you appreciate your general blessedness, and with a keen nip in the air that makes you eager alike for your golf and for your dinner. The golfing pilgrim may ring the changes pleasantly between the south of France and East Neuk of Fife, and play perpetually the royal and ancient game which knows no close season.

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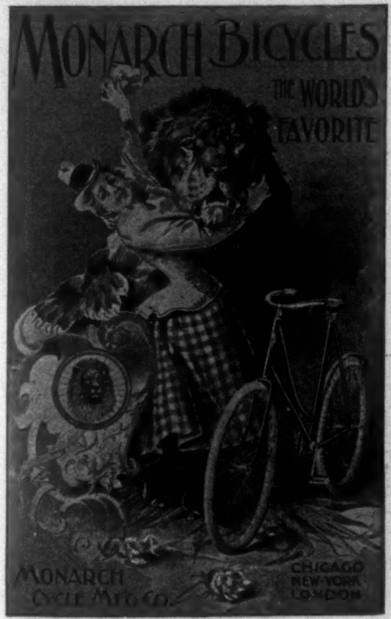
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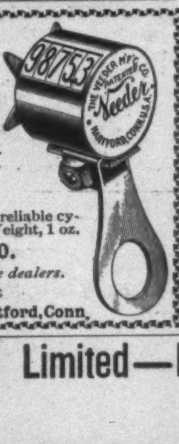
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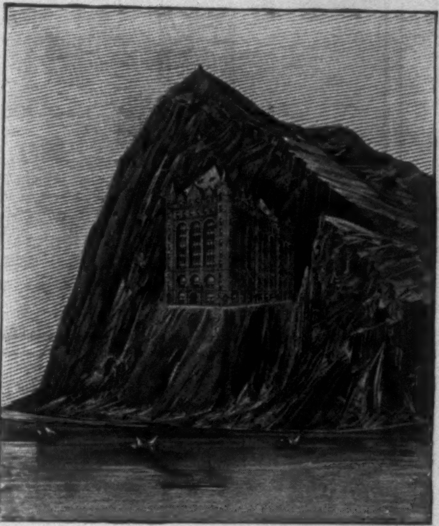

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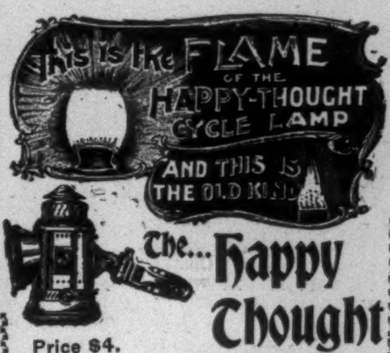
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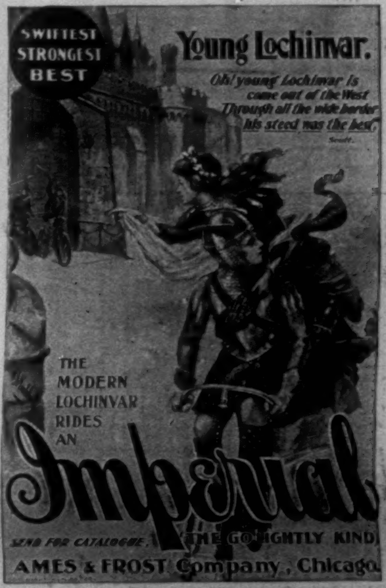
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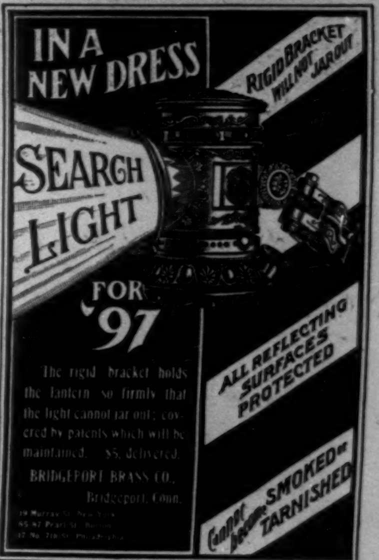
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